

Art & Eros Magazine



Volume Twelve: Summer 2023

Art & Eros Magazine: Volume Twelve

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Obelisk Press
Vancouver, BC, Canada

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Cover picture: *An Expectant Mother*, Avant Garde Magazine, Jan. 1969

If you have a submission for the **Art & Eros Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine. The editor can be contacted at

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“It was the best night they ever had together, lying there on the cold cellar floor in the darkness.”

Anais Nin

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Prologue

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is delighted to publish the Summer 2023 edition of *Art & Eros* Magazine which serves to feature the work of aspiring artists.

In this edition we have new poetry by Shannon Ayres, and a piece by Ayaka, as well as several short stories by Isabella in Montreal, William in New York and Rose in Paris. Perhaps during the summer months some readers will find the time to write and then submit for the fall editions of our magazines.

Art & Eros Magazine welcomes submissions on a quarterly basis. Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

New Prose

How Will I Manage ... by Isabella Montsouris

[Montreal] I am in my twenties now and finding life as an adult a bit daunting. The past five years have been anything but pleasant for me. I guess I shouldn't complain because I am in good company. Together we have all gotten through Covid and now this summer for added drama there are wildfires and smoke in the air across central Canada.

Montreal was once renown for its *joie de vivre* but now you have to look long and hard to find it. Many of the old popular night spots have had to shut down because they were losing money and those that are still in business charge outrageous prices or water down their drinks. Some of my friends took me to a dive that can only be described as a speak-easy ... unlicensed to say the very least. I stuck to the bottled beer. One of the group tried spicy chicken wings and ended up in the hospital the next day with food poisoning. It was a reminder why some people spice up their food ... to hide the fact the food is not edible. I guess you get what you paid for ...

One of my neighbors, *Vieux Pierre* as he is known, is in his eighties and is a retired four star chef from one of the hotels. He has taken to opening his place once a month for a gourmet gathering. It is a pot luck where he provides the wine and the main course. Since I have known him several years, and since he has a liking for me, he has invited me to a few of his dinners. His is a rather wonderful idea for, for the price of a pot luck dish that can feed six, you get a meal that is now pretty near impossible to find anywhere else in Montreal.

Something that makes his evenings special is that he is on very good terms with the sommelier at several of the posh Montreal hotels and so the wines and spirits that we enjoy are indescribable. As a special treat he gave me a sip of Napoleon brandy that dated back over three hundred years. I was dizzy after the treat ... and didn't know whether it was because of the excitement or the eighty proof of the brandy!

I sometimes come over early to help out and many times stay a bit late afterwards to help clean up. After the brandy I was in no state to drive home so he let me crash out on his couch. He was a perfect gentleman.

The following morning for breakfast he made me a Tunisian style omelet to die for and served the most remarkable Turkish coffee. He used real silverware and cups that were so rare and unique. I should tell you his apartment is filled with priceless art and antiques that he started to collect when he was a teenager in the 1940's.

Over our *apres le repas* coffee we chatted and he told me that all his old friends did not survive Covid and it was only because he did not smoke *les maudits cigarettes* as he called them, that he was the sole survivor of a group that had stayed together since grade school. But he didn't dwell on that ... 'what is the use to be sad when you can be happy.' Pierre is indeed a kitchen philosopher.

Vieux Pierre told me that he decided to become a chef because that was his way of bringing happiness to his world ... and to his personal world as well. “I was never too good at school but I was very good at cooking.” Then he let the cat out of the bag. His gourmet gathering patrons are the sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters of his lost friends ...

“*But what about me?*” I naively asked.

Pierre took a sip from his coffee cup and carefully set it down upon the saucer. “I like you so please don’t take what I am about to say wrongly.” He stared into the coffee for a moment before continuing. “While I was never married ... I have always enjoyed the company of women.” He looked up at me, his eyes sparkling in the morning sun.

“Your grandmother and I went to grade school together. She was very beautiful at all stages in her life ... when she was young, when she was married and when she was widowed. She would sometimes come and visit when she needed to be cheered up. I would make her something sweet and special then she would sit for me as I drew, painted or sculpted her.”

I don’t know why I did this but I began to feel aroused.

“A man can be a boyfriend, fiancé and husband. That is the conventional world. Since I was too busy working long hours in the kitchen I had to live an unconventional world.” He paused and took another sip of his coffee and

then stared down into the bottom of the cup almost as if he was foretelling his fortune on the coffee grounds ... should he continue?

“Unconventional?” I wanted him to continue his story.

He looked up at me. His eyes no longer sparkled. They appeared both sad and sheepish in fact as if he had suddenly got very old and tired.

“Are you ok?” I asked.

“I will be in a moment ... I was just remembering the beauty and art of all my women friends who have passed away the past few years. I miss them ... a man can also be a muse ... *un intime et meme un jeu jeu pour une femme ...*”

I understood what he meant and was suddenly overcome with pity for *Vieux Pierre* and reached across the table with my hand, touching his hand ever so lightly. “Don’t be sad ... you have made a new friend. I love art too ...”

Then *Vieux Pierre* started to cry.

Oh what the hell I will let him do his art ... as long as he made me a fine lunch!

Are We Too Free? By Patrick Bruskiewich

Full Title: In the English Speaking World ... Are We Too Free?

About two decades ago medical scientists at Berkeley's Positron Emission Tomography lab, the home of P.E.T. in North America, undertook a tomography study of where in our brains we exercise, *free-will* and where in our brains we exercise *forced-will*. In their cognitive science study, using radiopharmaceuticals like FDG, the P.E.T. scientists determined that *free-will* and *forced-will* are exercised in different parts of our brains, ending in a definitive fashion a philosophical debate that goes back to at least the time of Socrates ... Is *free-will* different than *forced-will*?

Why would I start an essay about freedom based on a medical study? Simply because we are organic machines made of organic materials. When we come into the world we have all the neurons we will ever use in our cognitive process, they have yet to be connected together with dendrites. Human physiology is such that a baby's head cannot exceed the girth of their mother's birth canal and to insure a chance for a safe, natural delivery for both mother and baby, the brain of a pre-born not only lacks any dendrites, but in the last two weeks or so of pregnancy the brain actively starts to disassemble millions of healthy and viable neurons to ensure that the longest trip of our lives, that from inside our mother's womb, to the outside world, a trip of many hours but only a dozen centimeters, can be accomplished.

So what does this have to do with freedom? Let me ask you a simple question to see if you have been paying attention. What connects up the dendrites in our brain? If you say that the direct and indirect experiences we encounter in our lives then you have understood the very foundation of freedom.

My view of the essentially meaning if freedom has evolved considerably over the past three decades, a period of time that spans the end of the Cold War. It also evolved from my reading of Sir Bertrand Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*, which chronicles much more than mere philosophy. It is also tempered by the Arendt's excellent History series as well as Winston Churchill's *History of the English Speaking Peoples*. Sure, there are other tomes as well, but none play such an important role in my thought processes as the tomes I have listed, not even the occasional piece of writing by Jean Paul Sartre or Albert Camus or George Orwell.

Freedom is ultimately a question of how we think about things and also about what we think about. It is also perhaps a question about nature and nurture. It is about what we are taught and who teaches us what we are taught. It is also about that inner dialogue that we all have about our day to day and even moment by moment decision making. Do I watch television or read a book? Do I sit in the couch or do I get up and clean the floor in the kitchen? Do I go out and be part of the solution of man's problems, or do I go out and riot? How much is freedom about nature and how much is this about nurture?

Freedom is also about motivation and culture. If you have it too easy you don't know what work means, and if you have it too difficult you don't know

what it means to take a vacation, and take it easy. And what does culture really mean ... it is about cultivation. Culture is merely something that is cultivated in society. It is an outlook that may or may not have intrinsic merit. Being a neo-primitive in the modern world is an example of a culture with little intrinsic merit.

I had a friend visit me over the Christmas holidays from Japan and the one over-riding question she had was why people don't clean up after themselves here in Vancouver? No person in Japan would toss a discarded wrapper into anything other than a garbage bin. It is just a matter of culture for them. Maybe it begins with Canadian mothers not being able to get their children to pick up after themselves because of influences outside the household ... they know their hard working mother will do that for them, so why bother?

For over a year now I have been insisting that a curmudgeon who takes the bus here and hops on without paying his fare be held to follow the rules. Sure he is free to try to ride the bus for free, but the rest of us are free to ask he walk home instead. And there were the numerous occasions of his unfair fare avoidance a few steps over from the Legion, after a day of him drinking to excess and reeking like a cheap liqueur bottle. He doesn't do anything other than hang out at a bar stool at the Legion and avoid an earnest day of work. I wouldn't mind it have badly if he had served the Crown and was a veteran, but even there he a freeloader too. He was a bean counter and the greatest risk he ever encountered was a paper cut. I had to put this whole matter on the desk of the mayor, and higher ups before the riot act was read to the curmudgeon. They now have him on a very short leash.

Is this a different type of freedom, or is this his narcissisms gone amok? When I explained the situation to my friend visiting from Tokyo she simply asked why crooks like this wasn't forced to do a decent day's work cleaning up other people's trash?

Then there are the toads who sit at bus stops smoking stogies or cigarettes. Time and time again they are told the bylaw says **no smoking at bus stops!** But hell, they say they are free willed and can do what they damn well please. Last week one of these toads sat at a bus stop smoking his cheap smoky and smelly Nicaraguan cigar, terrorizing a half dozen elder women who had to wait half a block up for their buses. I happen to be walking to the bank to deposit my pay cheque. Seeing what was happening I stopped and told the man there is no smoking at bus stops here. He swore at me and told me to mind my own business ... and a few other choice words. So I politely asked the man to put his cigar out. He called me a son of a bitch ...

I smiled and explained the reason why we don't let people smoke at bus stops is because many people who live in this community are elderly and have cardiovascular problems and asthma. Reason did not prevail with the toad. He swore like a trouper and so I swept the cigar out of his hand and into the gutter. That pushed his buttons and he was about to get up when I pointed at him and said "if the Queen calls me sir ... so can you. By the way my mother was not a bitch, she was Catholic, married and she was kind and considerate woman. You ever call my mother a son of a bitch again and watch what will happen." I then used a trick I once learned, to stand so close to the overweight

toad that he could not lift himself off the bus bench. By this time the six women were gathered around me and one was holding her cell phone saying she was about to dial 911 and have him arrested ...

His only response to all this “I am free to smoke where ever I want to.” In one unified voice the six women said “no you are not ... You cannot smoke at bus stops!” Surrounded by the appreciative women I look down at the man and reminded him that “this was the second time I have asked him not to smoke his cigars at the bus stop.” He uttered a rather foul expletive (in mixed company I may add) and so I simply said to him “I am an old naval officer trained by a fellow who served with the Special Air Service ... next time I will save the cigar and throw you in the gutter ...”

I turned and walked away. The toad followed me into the bank and started to swear at me. I pointed to the camera and said to him he is now on record here at the bank and that if he has not disappeared by the time I leave the bank I will have him arrested for uttering a threat. There were three other people in the room whose jaws had hit the floor because of the toad’s foul threat ... He was gone when I left the bank. I suspect one evening when I least expect it he will reappear and play out his *fantasmagorical* narcissism. If that happens, I don’t want to but I might have to toss him in the gutter, and save the cigar ...

Our perceived individual freedoms do sometime abut on the freedoms of others. We need to remember this and be mindful of our responsibilities to others.

We are free in most of the English speaking world but are we perhaps too free? We have a good life. However, most seem to look after ourselves as individuals, pure and simple, when in fact we cannot live as islands, as John Donne so eloquently said many centuries ago. We rely on the hard work and sometimes the generosity of others and to be fair and equitable we must be prepared to work for and be generous to others. There is no free ride in the bus known as life. That is how the whole freedom thing really sorts itself out.

What is the adage ... when *much is given to us ... much is expected from us*?

I live in Vancouver which is close to being the narcissist capitol of Canada. If there are people who can take a free ride in life you will find more per square kilometer here in Vancouver than anywhere else in Canada, and perhaps anywhere else in the English speaking corners of the world.

There is no irony on my measure of things to also see that we are considered the least happy metropolis in Canada. It is clearly a reflection of the narcissism of the place. We don't care about our neighbours (in fact we don't even take the time to learn their first names) and hell, in return they don't care about us either. That is the ultimate freedom, and so to escape their unhappiness we light a joint (a never touch the stuff, because I am happy with the brain I have and don't need to alter its neurochemistry ... and besides I suffer from asthma) and they escape their reality completely. Puff ... puff ... putzh ...

When it comes to the modern age, and in particular the science and technology we need to be 21st century citizens of the world, the neo-primitive seems to be the norm here. Hard work is frowned upon and well ... the average Jill and Joe here in Vancouver would be happy to live in the 19th century were it not for the distractions they have become accustomed to. Ah ... but they are free!

I sometimes play a game called *1968*. I ask strangers I meet at a gathering or party what they think was the most important thing that happened in 1968. You can tell a great deal about a person by asking such a simple question. If they are an activist it is the riots in Paris or perhaps the Tet offensive. If they have a conscience it is the assassination of Robert Kennedy. The cynical says it was the Chicago riots and the election of Richard Nixon, later to be impeached of course.

Well ... for me I think that it was Apollo 8 going to the moon and back, and bringing the world hope in a dreadfully disturbing year. That is my *free-will* acting and not *forced-will*. But then again I am a romantic at heart and enjoy the beauty of Zeferelli's 1968 film *Romeo and Juliet*. I disregard the other films done by Olivia Hussey.

To jump to the present, I freely admit I haven't read or seen any of the Harry Potter books or films, but then again I am free to call the books brain fungus and the films popcorn (popular and corny). I don't need to escape into fantasy to enjoy life ... life is enjoyable all on its own.

You see I am a free man, free to choose how to spend my time and who to spend it with. It is because of this I have reached the conclusion that in the English speaking world we are too free. We are free to not take notice of what the Archbishop of Canterbury has describes as Ethnic Cleansing and a Genocide, instead deciding to hide ourselves away in some fantasy world of magic wands and flying broomsticks and be harry potheads.

But we are oh so free to ask what will come of us the day that no one stops to help us when we are down and out, on the street and need their help. They will simple say I am free to ignore you and let you suffer. What's it to me? Get a job mack ...

I am the kind of Catholic to open my wallet and hand them a twenty ...

Pictorial: Guess Who?



Do You Know What it Means? by William Webster

[New York] I was on the subway last weekend when something rather unique happened. Some young boys swore and an elderly man took them to task about their swearing. To my great surprise the young boys did not mind being taken to task. It was perhaps how the elderly man chastised the boys that got them to tone down their rhetoric.

It all started when one of the boys used the f-word rather loudly.

From behind his newspaper a voice arose, clearing his throat. He folded the newspaper on his lap. The old man turned to them and said “you’re awfully young to have served at sea in the Navy.” He spoke with a British accent.

The young man was perplexed … paused then exclaimed “what the f*%k!”

“That’s a naval term you just used … you’re awfully young to have served at sea in the Navy,” the elderly man repeated.

The young man went silent … he stared sternly at the old man yet was speechless. His three friends just stood there passively beside him.

“Don’t you know what it means?” the old man pressed on.

“Sur’ I du o’ man.” The young boy stated defiantly.

Usually when people rub against each other on the subway something awful happens. Yet ... I watched the old man play the boy like a conductor plays a solo performer. He knew things would turn out fine.

“So then ... what does it mean?”

“It’s what me and my gyrl does every Sat’rday night ... we f*%k.” He and his friends chuckled but I noticed he said the f-word with less of an edge to it.

“So you fornicate under consent of the King do you?” The elderly man smiled as he said this.

“Huh!”

He continued. “You fornicate under consent of the King ... that what it means ... does the king pay you to do this?” Perhaps the old man was trying to wear him down ...

The boy put his arms bent at his side and stood like a super-hero and said “Naw ... my gyrl does it for fre’.”

The way he said this was so comical that people all around him started to chuckle. The boy nearly took this badly except the old man had a twinkle in his eye and it looked like the young boy was taking a liking to him. He looked around and realized that the people were laughing with him ... not at him.

The boy smiled. “Most times people j’st t’l me to shut the f*%k up!”

“It’s Saturday today ...”

“Yup!” The timing was perfect. They had come to their stop.

“Have fun ...”

The doors opened, the boy half-waved at the elderly man, then dashed from the train with his friends in tow.

The old man casually went back to the newspaper he was reading and everything went back to normal.

Something far from awful had just happened

Pictorial: Kiki de Montparnasse by Brassai



Kiki de Montparnasse singing in a Night Club, 1933

A Modern Version of Kiki de Montparnasse

by Alex Waterhouse Hayward, 2009

[Vancouver] A couple of months ago I received a call from Patrick Blaeser who is the Program Coordinator: Certificate & Part Time Programs at *Focal Point*. “Alex, I have an idea of a course that you might like to teach. It would be called portraiture through the ages.” I thought about it and told him I would get back to him.

In the last few years I have been thinking a lot on how photography has progressed since Niépce took that first picture from his kitchen window in 1824. Because I was raised with books (I am a pre-internet baby!) I have many photography books in my library. I have amassed a considerable collection. My memory is still good. I remember most of the photographs of all of those books.

Without really knowing it, when I take a photograph, there is always an element of that photograph memory of the past. In some way every snap of my shutter is inspired by those photographs. But they are not only photographs of the past they can also be inspired by a painting or a sculpture. These works can be by artists who may be contemporaries to photography but many also preceded the age of photography.

As an example when I teach nude photography and we have a male model, sooner or later we explore Rodin’s *The Thinker* or Michelangelo’s *David*. Just

about every time I bring in a mirror into a studio I recall Diego Velázquez's *Las Meninas*.

I didn't linger much before I called back Patrick to tell him I was very excited. The class began six Wednesdays ago. It is a three hour class held every Wednesday for ten weeks. This last Wednesday we brought back two of our favourite models, Shannon and Jerry. Shannon is voluptuous and Jerry is slim but curvaceous, nonetheless. Jerry admires Bettie Page. Jerry's skin is white and she sports several tattoos and body piercings in strategic areas.



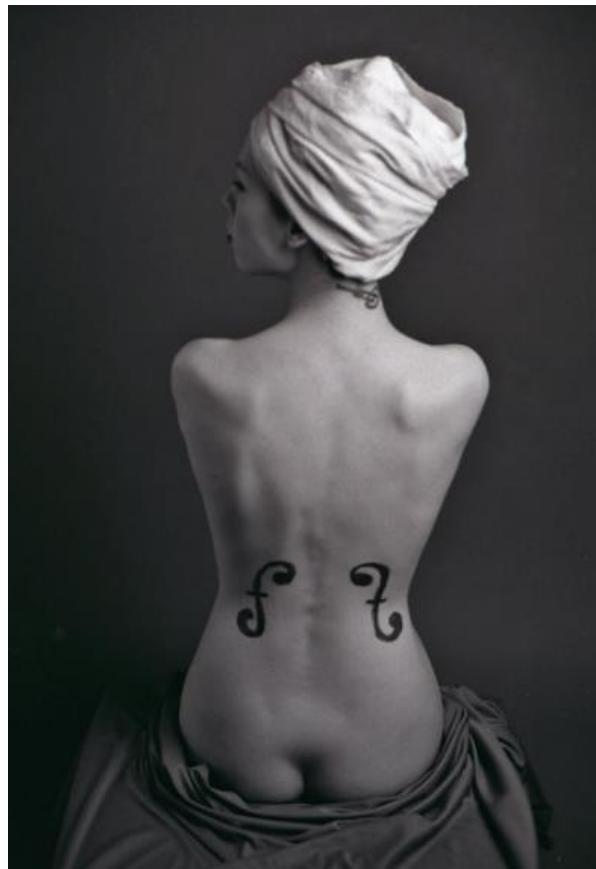
In this sixth class we worked with the inspiration of some of the photographs that Man Ray took of his model Kiki in the 20s. The more famous one is called Kiki, Ingres's Violin.



Nicky takes a pictorial of Shannon

The joke of the name is that in French that name also is about obsession.

Perhaps, as some say, Man Ray was not particularly inspired by the nudes of Ingres as much as using him as the excuse to get Kiki to take her clothes off.

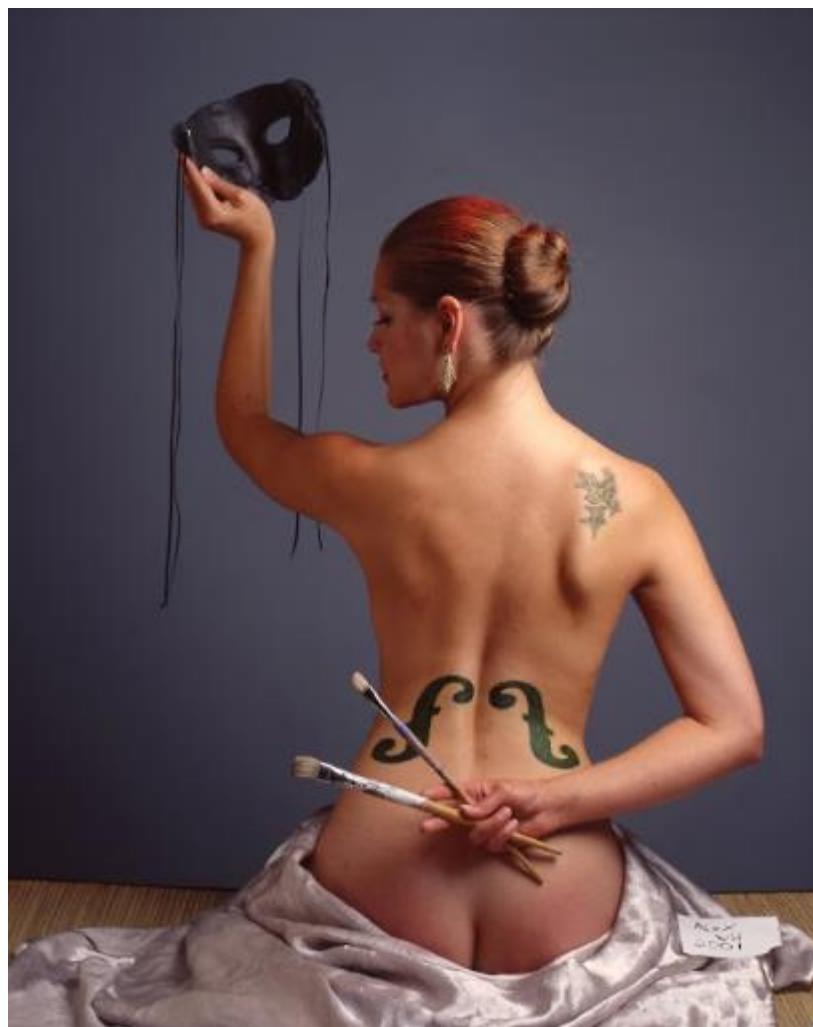


A rendering of Jerry

For the f-holes we used dry erase writing board markers. One of my students, Nicky was a skillful wrapper of turbans. She also drew the f-holes and insisted in making stencils out of paper. In the first picture you can see her silhouette as she takes her picture of Shannon.

Unlike our efforts where we drew the f-holes on the back of the models Man Ray drew them on his prints. It would be interesting how many of these he drew and if all those originals of his are really reproduction copies of the few he actually drew.

In 2001 Peggy sat for this rendition



The second picture is called *Noire et Blanche*. In the 1920s African masks were all the rage. Even Picasso was part of that primitive movement.

Since I did not have an African mask at home I brought a Mexican one made of clay.



Here is a modern rendition ... with Shannon as the model ...



An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved by G. K. Fralin

An analysis of A Poet to His Beloved, by William Butler Yeats

"A Poet to His Beloved" was written by William Butler Yeats and published in his collection "*The Wind Among the Reeds*" in 1899. The poem is a lyrical pronouncement of his love for Maud Gonne a political activist and actress. His life went through many changes, as had hers, but the story of his devotion to Gonne is well known. Even though she never agreed to marry him, Yeats continued to love her for most of his adult life. This poem was also a part of his first collective publication of poems. It is also somewhat out of place in his first collection which is mostly tributes to historic figures. Yeats was in transition at this point moving from writing lyrical stage plays to his most notable works today as a poet.

A Poet to His Beloved by William Butler Yeats.

I bring you with reverent hands
The books of my numberless dreams,
White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands,
And with heart more old than the horn
That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:
White woman with numberless dreams,
I bring you my passionate rhyme.

The words "reverent hands" in Line 1 are used as a way to show his devotion and respect. Line 2 "The books of my numberless dreams" is indicative of years of holding his heart for this one woman. As a lyricist and poet, Yeats would use such words to communicate the depth of his love.

After study of this beautiful poem and learning of Yeats private life, I am determined that this poem was written as a part of one of his proposals of marriage to Maud Gonne. Yeats met her in his younger years when she sought him out. She had admired his work and was anxious to meet him.

It seems Yeats fell in love with the young woman and remained faithfully celibate even though she married another man. After her marriage ended in 1899 Yeats began proposing again, but their political differences kept her from accepting. So the following lines refer to his memory of her as a young "White" idealistic woman whose passions over the many years have taken a toll.

*"White woman that passion has worn
As the tide wears the dove-grey sands"*

Maud Gonne was known for her tumultuous lifestyle. I don't believe that he refers only to sexual passions but to her many years of political activism, marriage and loss. Sexuality may have been hinted at here, but only in passing.

Yeats allegedly stayed true to her until their relationship was finally consummated in a one night affair in 1908.

The comparison to a tide wearing down "dove-grey sands" is a reference to her age though not in an insulting way. The next line refers to his age and long devotion.

"And with heart more old than the horn"

The word horn seems appropriate for this line as a "horn" was often used to proclaim or to announce a proclamation.

"That is brimmed from the pale fire of time:"

For this line I want to note the seeming contradiction of the words brimmed and pale in such a manner. But they are not surprising as Yeats was a very complex and often contradictory personality and it showed in his work. However; in this case I don't think he intends a contradiction but refers to how his love has grown even if his passion as he ages may be waning somewhat. It is a way of telling her his love has grown the longer they have known each other. It is as if he already is married to her in his heart of hearts. The punctuation at the end of the line has not escaped notice either. It indicates a continuation.

"White woman with numberless dreams,"

In continuing he refers back to his first address to her as "white woman." This is a reference to her youth. He is now focusing on what she wanted from life "with numberless dreams," he acknowledges how they both started out as idealistic and young.

Yeats never indicated that he wished her to be any other way than she was. He in fact admired her for her convictions and determination.

The last line of the poem is the presentation of this poem to his love interest.

"I bring you my passionate rhyme."

Yeats did finally give up on Gonne after a bland proposal at the age of 51. He no longer seemed to yearn for her. He wanted to marry and have an heir. He did marry a young woman by the name of Georgie. His life continued to leap between one political ideal and another as well as from religious convictions into mysticism and back to his Protestant roots, at least for a time. He did continue to care about Gonne and they remained friends.

A Nobel Prize winning author for some of his plays, Yeats is today known best for his poetry which took up most of the later years of his life. Though complex and wavering in his life, Yeats experimenting with views gives us a rich diversity to enjoy in his writings.

My Good Friend in Vancouver by Ayaka Miro

On my last day of my first trip to Vancouver, a friend and I decided to walk around the center of downtown. We stopped and had some photograp0hic fun behind the old courthouse, which is now the Vancouver Art Gallery. I took these pictures of my friend.

Here he is holding up the building!



Here I am holding him up.



And here I am measuring him up to size.



My friend helped me out in so many ways. I came to Vancouver with a broken heart. My fiancé of three years had decided to break up with me and I needed to cheer myself up. I met my Vancouver friend at a conversation club meet that met in a café on Granville Street. After the meet I was sitting on a bench crying. He walked up to me, sat beside me and asked me why I was so sad ... I felt I could trust him to understand so I told him what had happened to me! We chatted awhile and the made arrangements to meet the next Saturday.

After a few weeks of chatting with him I was happy again. He suggested when I returned to Japan that I find myself three boyfriends. I said I would find five ... and I did!

A few weeks into my visit a Korean friend and I visited his Atelier for an afternoon of tea and conversation about art. Here we are waiting for the bus after our happy visit. In case you are wondering I am wearing the hat ...



After our day walking through downtown it was time for me to take the subway and go home to pack. I was leaving for Tokyo then next day.



When I got back to Tokyo I pushed myself to get back out into the world and start dating. I was twenty-six when I visited Vancouver for the first time.

If you are thirty and you are not married in Japan you are thought too old. Within six months I had three boy friends ... but that is a story for another day. I will tell you that I would make another trip to Vancouver later that year and that my story does have a happy ending back here in Japan.

A fine collection of Art Books



Atelier Press

A growing collection of titles

Editor in Chief: Patrick Bruskiewich

On the Streets of Paris by Rose Lang

[Paris] Ma grandmère was very wise. I guess most grandmothers are, but mine was wise beyond any doubt. She had lived through the Spanish Flu as a little girl, then the depression that came afterwards as a teenager. She was in her twenties during the 39-45 war, then got married and had her children in the fifties and then look after us grandchildren when we came along.

During these many decades she learned a great deal about people *et La Ville de Paris*. She would watch the city and be able to tell us what was the true state of the world. She once told me, “*don’t watch the people on the streets during the day ... watch the cats and the rats at night.*”

When Covid began I remembered what she had told me. I started to watch the streets at night. I noticed the number of cats on the street went down and the number of rats started to increase. The cats were finding good homes and the rats were being left alone. After three years of Covid I think the number of rats has nearly doubled!

Now that Covid is over the number of cats on the streets is slowly increasing. People are no longer as lonely and are leaving their doors open for the cats to come and go. Ah ... you say, the fun is about to begin. Soon there will be many fat cats and fewer rats on the Streets of Paris! We’ll soon see if you are right ...

Pas a Deux by Patrick Bruskiewich

I happen to be walking by the stables that morning when she was washing down her mount after an early ride. It was a calm and quiet, rather hot Sunday august morning. He was a large grey stallion, perhaps middle age as horses go. She was a tall Amazonian, as tall as her mount. He was tied to a stake in the center of the paddock. She stood on the far side of her mount from me. I could see that she had a bucket of soapy water at her feet and a coarse brush in her hand. The top of the stallion gleamed with her handy work. She was now taking to his underside.

I happen to be walking by the paddock on the public path way through the park and so I stopped to watch them both. I had seen the two of them ride past me on previous Sunday mornings here in Hastings Park. Today I was given a chance to see them both, the mistress and her mount, after their riding session. I felt almost as an interloper, a voyeur intruding on an intimate moment between them both.

She did not see me for several minutes, or perhaps just decided to ignore me as I stood up against the wooden fence and she continued to stroke his belly, from the front of his belly to the middle of his stomach. If she had seen me perhaps she would have paused and not continued to do what she was doing. Or perhaps she would have just ignored me.

By brushing his underside the stallion was becoming agitated. As the coarse brush came closer to his sex he started to pull against the rope that tied him to the stake at the center of the paddock.

He snorted, but she flouted him and continued. From the stable beyond I could hear a pair of hoofs kick the wooden walls. The stallion turned its head towards the stable. At the time I thought nothing of it.

When she brushed the underside of his marble purse the horse glared over at her. But again she did not stop and he began to step his hind legs back and forth, back and forth. He snorted again, this time with a groaning sort of a grunt.

The stallion turned its head towards me and eyed me. He flared his teeth at me and I pushed back from the fence and smirked back at him. It was as if he was pleading for me to get her to stop. I stood where I was. I guess I could have said hello or something like that to get her to stop, but something deep within me told me to let things be. And so I stayed silent.

The stallion let out another snort and lowered his head and looked down at himself. Still she continued with the coarse brush. It was then that I realized why the stallion was pleading, for he had become unsheathed and the soft pinkness of him was starting to steal into view.

Still did not stop. Instead she continued with the brush, but now with a slower and more careful stroke along the best of him. She was now also stroking his

belly back and forth with her bare, free hand. This was turning out to be much too much for the poor horse who had now become completely unsheathed and a bit unhinged.

The splendor of him even shocked me for he was twice the measure of what a neophyte to the scene would have expected.

He snorted. I knew the stallion could have easily pushed her away yet he didn't.

It was then when she noticed me. She looked up at me between the horse's four legs and said 'Hi.' The horse slowly turned its head and looked over at me a second time.

I waved back, pushed back from the fence and was about to walk away when she said "I have seen you before on the riding path."

I leaned back up against the fence and answered her "yes we have ... perhaps I should be going?"

"Why ..." she asked.

How the hell was I suppose to answer that? So I stayed silent.

"Don't feel as if you have to run off ..." there was an edge to the way she said this.

“Perhaps I should!” I lowered my head and looked down at the ground as I said this.

“What! And miss the finale!” On the word ‘finale’ the horse snorted as if on cue. I looked up at the stallion and sensed in his eyes desperation for his circumstances. I wondered whether he was truly enjoying his predicament, or whether she was taking certain liberties.

“If I didn’t do this he would be a bit wild. There is a mare in heat in the stable and well, he doesn’t like to be locked up all by himself with her about. He has been kicking the stable walls and I am worried he will hurt himself.”

“Oh …” I stared down at him.

“The mare is a competition horse and its owner does not want to foal her just yet.” The stallion perhaps sensed her mistress was talking about his predicament, for the best of him was showing itself to be unbreakable.

“I see,” I said this before I realized the double entendre. She giggled and my face grew warm with my blush. Then there was silence … as she went back to what she was doing.

From the stable beyond I could make out the snort and commotion of another horse. Then the kicks from the stable walls made sense …

I should have continued on my way but instead I stayed put. She had been honest with me. I no longer felt like I was intruding. Perhaps she knew she was taunting me with “and miss the finale!”

She dropped the coarse brush into the bucket and I saw she was wearing a black rubber glove that went up to her elbow, covered in soapy water. With her other bare hand she stroked the stallion’s belly and with her gloved hand she began to stroke the best of him.

The effect it was having on the stallion was something strangely amazing to watch. I closed my eyes for a moment and just listened. I had heard these sounds before.

Once as a teenager while visiting my uncle’s farm I witness a grossly overweight bull mount a reluctant heifer. After a frantic and dramatic chase the bull finally forced the heifer into the corner of the fenced yard outside the barn. It was early afternoon and the cow was waiting to be milked. How the bull got into the pen I did not know, but the eldest of my uncle’s three sons was known to have a wicked streak to him and well . . . I was a city boy he felt needed to be shocked.

And shocked I was that afternoon as the brute chased the heifer around and through the throng of cows and finally into a corner and into submission. The bull was like one of Picasso’s Minotaur ravaging a helpless vestal.

The cow's head poked through the fence. The fence creaked and groaned under the combined weight of the heifer pushing back at him and the beast having his way with her. The other cows were huddled on the far side of the ring with their hinds turned to the two, as if afraid to bear witness.

From across the yard I could see that the heifer was struggling, foaming at the mouth and fighting for her breath and bewailing at the same time. With each thrust of the bull into her, the milk from her udder was being spilled onto the soil beneath her. The bull was on top and inside her at the same time. His brutality was over in perhaps a minute. Then the huge bull pulled himself out of the cow and staggered away exhausted, dragging the best of him along the ground beneath him.

The heifer stood there for a few minutes and then did not bother to go into the barn but instead staggered back through the gate in the fence and tottered clear across the field before she toppled to the ground. She was still there at night fall when I happen by the field on my way in the farmhouse. The following morning I watched her wondering and waited for the cow to enter the barn to be milked. She was the last to come in and was very late that morning.

I could not bring myself to go into the barn that morning, and decided instead to keep an eye out for the bull. He spent the entire day lounging in the shade of a large tree in his own field. It seemed odd that such a brutal intercourse would lead to the birth of a new life. It seemed odd that such a brutal intercourse was a necessity for the continuation of life. It just seemed odd ... in so many ways.

The stallion snorted. I reopened my eyes. As I watched the stallion I wondered if he had his way with the mare, whether he would be like the Minotaur with the vestal at my uncle's farm? Instead here the stallion was tied to a stake being taunted by his mistress. The stallion's haunches were tense. His breathing deep with expectation. His steps herky-jerky. His eyes bulged from his head.

He began to snort and bay at the same time. '*Stop ... please stop ...*' it seemed to plead.

From the barn I could hear more kicks and commotion.

Yet his mistress continued her taunt. Slowly and deliberately ...

He struggled at the rope, frantic to get loose and race into the stable. He tried to kick his mistress aside but she was too quick and nimble for him. She stepped out of the way of his lunging hind leg.

Then she appeared. The mare from inside the stable. She had broken free from her pen and was frantic.

I yelled "Watch out," just in time for the stallion's mistress to turn and get out of the way of the lunging mare. She chased the woman out of the paddock. She had just enough time to roll under the fence before the mare was atop her, digging into the ground with her front leg.

Then the mare turned to face the stallion. He was now perfectly still. She took her time to saunter over to the stallion. He tugged at the rope with all his strength but could not free himself. The mare walked over to him but stayed a few meters apart from the stallion. She was sizing him up.

The women had by now walked over and was standing beside me. “Thanks.” she said as she brushed some wood chips off of herself. “This will be interesting to watch.” We both turned to the two horses.

The stallion snorted at the mare and turned his flank to her. Hesitantly the mare took a small step towards the stallion. Even from where we were a good six or seven meters away we could see that the stallion was shivering.

The stallion shook its head back and forth in frustration, snorting as he did this. Still she remained standoffish. The stallion dug at the ground with her front legs then tugged frantically at the rope.

“Do you think I should go and untie him?” she asked me. I just shrugged my shoulders. She started to climb the fence when the mare charged a few steps in our direction. She climbed down. “I guess not!”

“No …” I said. “It is a pas a deux.”**

It was then that the mare turned herself around and took a few steps back towards the stallion until his nose was nearly into her backside.

The mare knew what she was doing. She took another tiny step back and the instant the stallion's nose touched her flank like the cow and her milk the stallion spent himself across the ground in a fury.

In the midst of his fury the mare galloped away back into the barn as the stallion snorted and frayed his head back and forth in frustration.

The whole scene was surreal. I could not turn away ...

The stallion's mistress was giggling. "Now that was quite a finale!"

I said nothing but merely turned and started to walk back the way I had come. I could not bring myself to look back.

As I walked away, it was a few steps beyond before I realized that I too was staggering ... herky-jerky.

** *A pas a deux* is French for a dance between two partners.

Life Drawing Class in a Strip Club by Robert Glaubke

If you'd like a real liberal education and a chance to sketch the kind of poses you'll never see in any life class, grab your sketch pad and head for the nearest strip club. It'll be an experience that will open your eyes and test your talents for seeing. It will also cost you much less than hiring an artist model.

I've always liked fast sketching of people and the life around me. I see things and I itch to get them down on paper. The first time I realized the sketching possibilities in night clubs was several years ago during my visit to *Mardi Gras* in New Orleans.

The town has a tremendously exciting atmosphere for an artist. The night life is throbbing and vital, it flows around you so fast you feel frustrated in not being able to get it all down.

I didn't have time to do as much sketching as I wanted during *Mardi Gras* and later when I returned home, I realized the excellent material there was in my own backyard in the strip joints.

I visited half a dozen spots and was able to get on paper the kind of sketches you never can capture in a life class.

I had no idea of how I'd be received at these night clubs. I didn't think I'd have any trouble but there was always the chance somebody would object and I'd be thrown out on my ear. Usually when I've sketched in any kind of public

place I expect, sooner or later, to have at least three or four eager beavers peering over my shoulder. In the strip joints, they couldn't have cared less. All eyes are riveted on the stripper. Nobody paid any attention to me.

It's pretty dark in most of these places and since I tried to get a seat at a table whenever I could. I was usually in the worst lit spot. I wanted the table so I'd have a flat surface for my pad. The bar would have been too close.

It was strictly "blind sketching." I used a sketching pad with a good tooth and two pens, a ball point and a standard fountain sketching pen loaded with India ink.

It was too dark to see much of what I was sketching and I soon found out that the best I could do was to get down quick mental notes on the pad. The action of the dancers is too fast to give you much time. After watching for a while saw that all of the strippers followed certain characteristic movements. They strike certain poses which are similar in all strip teases.

There's the bump and grind pose. They arch their back, the legs are flexed in a half crouch, the pelvic region, the belly and the hips are moved in and out and rolled suggestively. They all do this.

Another is the shimmy and shake. They stand almost straight with the back slightly arched, the legs spread wide and the head and arms thrown back. In this position they shake the body sideways and the whole anatomy quivers.

Another standard pose and one in which there are more individual variations is the essence of teasing. Dancing slowly, they close their eyes, or sometimes look right at some male at the bar, they stroke their bodies sensuously with their hands, running them up along their thighs and belly and cupping their breasts.

I guess this is the routine that separates the women from the girls in the stripping business. A good stripper with a good body doing this can really stir up the crowd.

I concentrated on these characteristic poses, trying to catch quick impressions, just enough to capture the movement or a gesture that would flow into the rest of the pose. I wanted to stop one specific action and keep it fixed in my mind. I tried to get the main action of the spine, shoulders and hips in relation to the limbs and flying hair which sort of swished in. If you can get these down, the filling in can be left to the imagination.

I didn't try to do any one girl. All I got was a fleeting impression of facial and body types, I made sketch notes on hairdos, makeup, costumes and the like and later incorporated these in the finished paintings. From my sketches I could have done any kind of girl.

Looking over my rough sketches later, in the studio, I realized they made excellent mental notes, I could look at them and have the whole picture in my mind. The only trouble was recalling the effect of the lighting. I solved this problem by calling in a model.

I shot some pictures of her using a single light to simulate the spot that was on the dancers and with these as lighting notes I started on the paintings.

I work in caseins mostly. Since these were to be reproduced in black and white, I did them with only these two colors, sometimes using a little brown in the blacks to warm them up, I worked on regular illustration board, doing a light pencil sketch of the picture first to work out the composition elements and then started right in with the caseins. The figure of the stripper was the dominant factor in the pattern of all the pictures, I worked the customers and atmosphere in around this figure.

Using casein I get a very painty feeling when I'm working. It's fast drying and I work very fast and loose with it trying to get down the spontaneous quality of my sketches. The pictures are real sketches in paint carried further than my preliminary notes. I like to create right in my paintings and get a strong working feel as I brush the paint in and manipulate it on the board.

Doing some of the paintings I had to restrain myself from slowing down and tempting to work the edges or do detail. Whenever I did this, the painting blew up in my face. All of the spirit just went out of it. They lost all feeling of spontaneity. I had to work rapidly with bold strokes and strong dynamic curves. I stippled in the dark shadows of the background with a sponge sopped in the paint. Then with a dry brush I swirled in the smoke patterns in whites and grays over the black, trying to suggest currents of movement.

On the bodies of the strippers I tried for lots of motion by swishing in the hair, exaggerating the lines of dominant muscles, and the tossings of the costumes as the dancer twisted and turned. I used all of these things wherever I could to add to the aggressiveness of the completed picture and give it the impact I wanted.

When I finished, I had worked myself into a high pitch and had to sort of simmer down. I was very happy with the paintings. I don't think I could ever have got the some results if I had tried to do a more finished style on them. With this subject matter, the loose bold approach was very appropriate and made them all the more effective.

The whole project was stimulating and a valuable experience. I really learned things about anatomy and action. I had the discipline of working under adverse conditions and later developing the notes I made into paintings, and most of oil I had a wonderful time.

Pictorial: Salvador Dali by Brassai



Salvador Dalí in 1933

Art Works from the Modern Era

Two Sisters by Meghan G





Some Figuratives from Figure Magazine, 1956











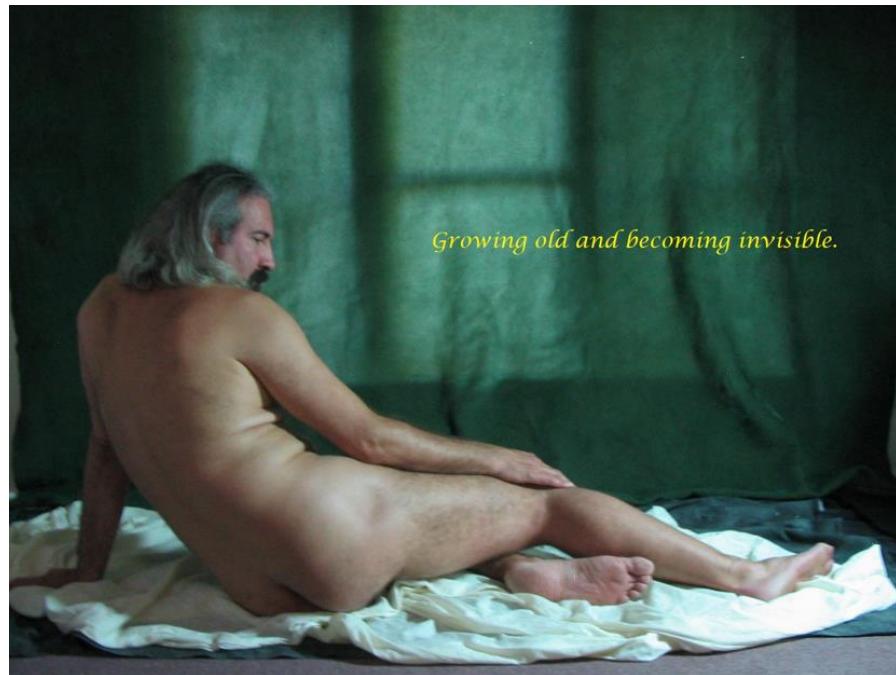








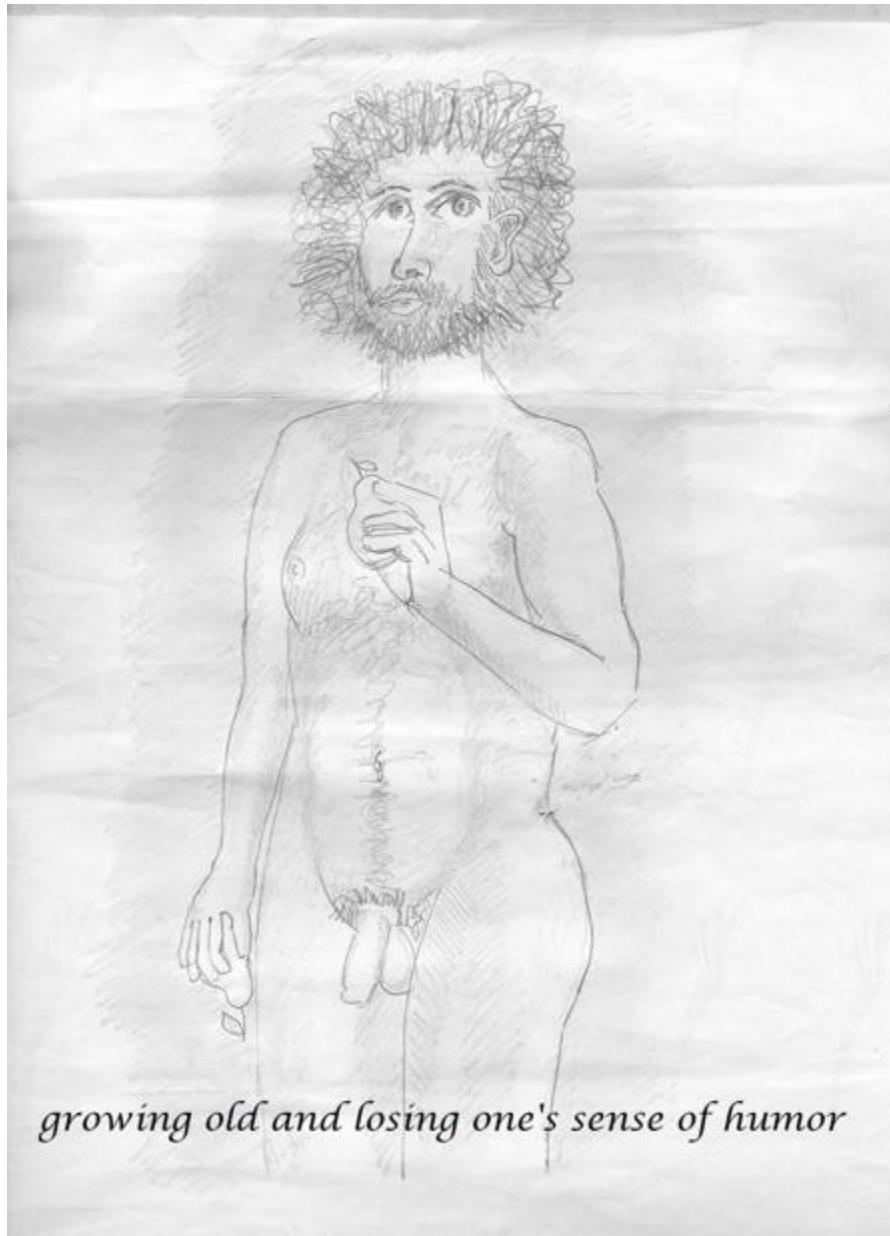
Growing Old by Patrick







growing old and losing one's gender



growing old and losing one's sense of humor

New Poems by Contemporary Poets

Two Poems by Shannon Ayres

The Places In Between

How do we know when we've arrived?

Somewhere in the space
in between where we live our lives
and where we go in our dreams,
is a place to define
where lays the infinite
and the vastly divine.

"We've been waiting for you,"

They said.

From the spaces in between.

Where smoke drifts through the winding corridors
of our minds
which lift and carry us.

We are a figment of imagination.

Perhaps.

A blip.

Is this what it means?

How do we hear the voices
of all who came before us

leading us through
the cracks and the seams?

What guidance we seek
in that place
where the Elders and the Angels
can find us.

Somewhere towards the infinite,
where from here
we can only dream and philosophize.

And.
Evaporate.

It's in there that lay the meanings
man's ever hoped to find.
An energy highway should it be seen,
Leading towards the divine.
And to the places in between.

SUN

Bathe within his light
Upon entrance to the night
His strength and warmth enfold you.
It is in this moment,

Where the first inkling of change
Falls upon you,
And sits silently
In the corners and the stillness.
Until in dawn,
Perhaps reborn,
Where we may once again
Bathe within his light.

What Loneliness Is by Patrick Bruskiewich

What Loneliness Is

Loneliness is walking in the
Shadows of the Cherry
Blossoms and having no one to
Share the moment with.

Loneliness is seeing how pink
And beautiful they are
And being reminded of the
Wonders of the woman you love.

Loneliness is watching the
Cherry Blossoms dance
Through space and time reminding
You each moment is fleeting.

Loneliness is walking alone
Along the boulevards of life and
Realizing no one presses close to
your arm to ask ... Do you love me?

Pictorial: That Must Tickle!



Erotic Poems by Tia Tai

What Do You Prefer?

Oh men, do tell me true
How do you like to see my pubic hue?
Do you prefer a natural bush
Or a clean Brazilian that's plush?

Perhaps the landing strip is more your style
Or the lightning bolt makes you smile
Do you fancy the love heart shape
Or go for the martini with its drape?

Some like the silver fox that's gray
But others think it's best to stay
Within the lines of a speedo or bikini
Which makes it neat and oh so teeny.

Do you like it hidden or on display,
Shaved clean or in a special way,
Do you like to explore and discover
Or leave it to the imagination forever?

So pray, do tell me with great candor
What look makes your heart beat with a thunder

For I am curious to know
How you like your girl's pubic glow.

Let me Decide

I love my little bushy patch,
Short and soft, it's quite a catch.
I don't want to be bare down there,
It makes me feel vulnerable and rare.

A little bit of hair is just fine,
It's natural, not a crime.
I don't need to conform to society's norms,
I'll keep my short pubes, in all forms.

It's my body, my choice, my right,
To keep my fuzz, to hold it tight.
I don't need to please anyone else,
I'll keep my short pubes, for my own self.

So don't judge me or call me names,
For I'm proud of my little mane.
Short and wild, it's just my style,
My short pubes, always bring a smile.

Praise to Women's Breasts

My breasts are not just fatty tissue,
They come in all shapes and sizes, it's true.
Some are small and perky like grapes,
Others are larger and fuller, like cakes.

Some are lopsided or asymmetrical,
One might be bigger than the other, it's normal.
Some are pointed like cones,
Others are round like melons.

Some are saggy and droopy,
But that doesn't make them any less groovy.
They've nourished babies and felt pleasure,
And that is something to always treasure.

So let's celebrate our breasts,
In all their uniqueness and crest.
They are a part of who we are,
And they deserve love and care.

Cleavage

I've learned a simple trick
To make the boys go wild
It's just a little bit of skin

That leaves them all beguiled

It's the curve that draws them in
And captures their attention
The sight of cleavage gives them joy
And fills them with pure temptation

I can see their eyes all wandering
As they scan my chest with glee
And though it's a bit unsettling
It's also quite flattering, you see

After all, why fight the urge
To indulge in such a sight?
My curves are simply too alluring
To resist with all their might

So let the boys stare at my chest
And drink in the view with zeal
For I know that cleavage is a weapon
That they simply cannot conceal.

Yearnings

As the moon rises high in the sky,
I feel a hunger deep inside.

A yearning for something wild and free,
A desire that won't be denied.

I can feel my heart racing fast,
As my thoughts turn to the past.
The countless nights I've spent alone,
Wishing for something to call my own.

But now the fire burns bright and hot,
And I want what I've been missing, a lot.
To feel a man's strong arms around me tight,
And to lose myself in the wildness of the night.

I ache for passion and a lover's touch,
To lose control and give in to lust.
To let my body be free and wild,
And feel the heat that desires piled.

So tonight I'll wander through the streets,
Hoping to find someone to meet.
Someone who will take me to new heights,
And satisfy my deepest, wildest delights.

My Dreams at Night

As I tuck myself into bed at night,

My thoughts begin to take flight.
I dream of things both wild and obscene,
Of dirty talk and kinky scenes.

My lips part open as I speak,
My voice a low and sultry streak.
I whisper things I dare not say,
In the light of the day.

My fantasies run wild and free,
As I let my mind be all it can be.
I long to touch and taste and feel,
To make my lover's senses reel.

I crave the thrill of the untamed,
To explore this world, yet unclaimed.
So let me speak my dirty mind,
And leave my inhibitions far behind.

For when the night falls and I'm alone,
I'll let my deepest desires be shown.
And though some may judge and criticize,
I'll speak my truth, and let my heart arise.

For I am a woman who loves all things raw,
And though society may try to ignore,

I'll never be ashamed of who I am,
For I am a girl who loves to talk dirty, damn.

Flirting

Flirting, it's an art.
For women who want to be smart,
if you learn the tricks and do it right,
he will long for you, all day and night.

Compete with him, just a little,
but don't make him feel belittle.
Show him that you are hard to get
and is worthy of someone perfect.

Touch him, let him feel your warmth,
Make him feel you're not indifferent,
Keep the conversation flowing,
Impress him with your sensual clothing.

Be playful and laugh at his jokes,
Make him feel relaxed and provoke,
Play hard to get, for a while,
Let him enjoy the chase and smile.

Whisper into his ear, softly and seductively,

Let your voice sound, sultry and convincingly,
Bite your lip, for an enticing effect,
Let him imagine, how much you're perfect.

Get close to him, let him feel your touch,
Squeeze past him, closely and hush,
Use open body language, let him in,
Feel the pleasure building up within.

Let him catch you looking, with a spark,
Make him want you, even in the dark,
Text him something naughty, just a tease,
Make him crave for more, just with ease.

Make eye contact, frequently and bold,
Let him know, you're under his control,
Flirting, it's an art, so play it right,
Make him long for you, all day and night.

Guilt

In my head, I'm always torn
Between what's right and what I want more
When I'm feeling heated and forlorn
I do things I'll surely regret for sure

I can't help how my body feels
It craves the touch of another
And despite the consequences, I steal
The moments that I'll pay for later

I cheat on my boyfriend with ease
And make out with my best friend's lover
I even gave in to my sister's husband's please
All just to satisfy my lustful hunger.

I know they're just using me for sex
But I'm willing to play the game
I can't resist the temptation, I'm vexed
And yet, I'll just end up feeling shame

Guilt and regret will always follow
As I wake up the next day, alone
I know I've acted very shallow
And promised to never again atone

But then the cycle repeats itself
As if my body has a mind of its own
I know I'll never be freed from this spell
Until my desire has fully grown

So please forgive my invasive thoughts

And my tendency to act out of line
I'm just a girl whose passion can't be fought
Even when I'll regret it time after time.

His Smell

I know it might seem odd,
But there's something about that smell,
That drives me crazy, oh my god,
I can't help but feel compelled.

It's not just any scent,
It's the specific one that lingers,
A fragrance that's heaven-sent,
Arousing my lustful fingers.

The musk of your manhood,
Mixed with sweat and pheromones,
Is a scent that's understood,
To ignite my lustful bones.

And though some may find it gross,
To me it's irresistibly sexy,
As I inhale, I feel engrossed,
In the passion that surrounds me.

So let me enjoy the aroma,
Of your penis and balls divine,
For it's a scent that's like no other,
And drives me wild every time.

A Kiss

A fiery kiss,
Filled with desire,
Lips locked in bliss,
Setting our hearts on fire.

The touch of skin on skin,
Electricity in the air,
Hearts racing with a grin,
As we lose ourselves in the moment fair.

Passionate and sweet,
Our love for each other shines,
As we surrender to the heat,
And lose track of time.

The world fades away,
As we share this intimate bliss,
Our bodies sway,
In a moment that we will never miss.

Passionate kisses,
That keep us aflame,
Love that never misses,
And forever remains the same.

In the Company of Boys

I bask in the presence of boys,
The center of attention, I enjoy,
Discussing girls, with a sexy voice,
In revealing dress, I make them rejoice.

Talking of sex, kinks, and fetishes,
The freedom to speak without any glitches,
A daring spirit, I never flinch,
And when it comes to porn, I'm always in.

Flirtatious banter makes me gleam,
Boys around me look like a dream,
I love the power it gives me,
The attention is what I aim to see.

So let's talk about things that make us blush,
Secret desires, we need to hush,
The company of boys is what I crave,

And their attention is what I always save.

Let's Have Fun!

Looking for a guy, but not for romance,
No strings attached, just a quick little dance.

Someone to spend a night, or maybe two,
Not looking for forever, just something to do.

No need for roses, or romantic poems,
I just want someone to satisfy my hunger and roam.

No hearts to break, no love to find,
Just a quick little escape, for my restless mind.

I know what I want, and I won't pretend,
Just a guy who's down, for a night with no end.

No need for labels, or promises of forever,
Just two consenting adults, making memories we'll treasure.

So if you're up for it, and you're feeling brave,
Come take a chance with me, just for the day.

We'll live in the moment, with no regrets or fears,

Just two people, having fun and shedding no tears.

Mistake

I never meant to send those pics
To someone I didn't know
But in a moment of distraction
my finger tapped on 'send' and it just went so

For hours I waited, with bated breath
Curled up in a ball on my bed
Wondering if he'd seen them yet
Wishing I could just crawl under the covers instead

But then the phone buzzed
A notification came through
And I finally faced the music
And opened the message, ready to undo

But his response wasn't what I hoped for
Instead of disgust or anger, he was curious
He wanted to know more, see more
And I couldn't help but feel a little delirious

I never meant for this to happen,
A moment of carelessness led to distraction,

Sending a photo to a stranger, without caution,
Leaving me with nothing but pure attraction.

One thing led to another
And soon we were chatting non-stop
couldn't believe what had happened
the mistake had opened up new doors, like my mind had popped

Messages back and forth, leading to temptation,
A conversation that sparked with endless infatuation,
The desire between us grew with each conversation,
Leading to one thing, and one thing only, pure sensation.

I gave in to the temptation
Took more pics, shared more of my intimate self
It was exhilarating, so forbidden
But I couldn't stop, wanted to delve

I knew the risks, but my heart took over,
As we met in a place where only love could conquer.
With each touch, my body surrendered,
To the moment where I was left no longer.

What started as an accident,
Turned into a moment of pure bliss,
As we had something that was heaven-sent,

A connection that led to more than just a simple kiss.

But now I stand here, with regret in my heart,
Knowing what I gave up was far too much to start.
A mistake that will forever stay in my memory,
The conflict within me, will remain a mystery.

In Memory of the Boys I have Enjoyed

I've seen them all, big and small
Smooth and bumpy, short and tall
Each one unique, with its own charm
I can't help but feel a sense of awe and alarm

Some are curved, like a banana
Others straight, like a flagpole in Havana
Some are thick, like a summer sausage
Others thin, like a pencil in its usage

But size isn't everything, as we all know
It's the motion that makes the juices flow
Some move like a snake, so smooth and sleek
Others like a piston, strong and unique

Every dick I've encountered has left a mark
A memory of pleasure, like a sweet spark

I may never see them all, but that's okay
For each one I've had, I'll cherish and replay

So here's to the cocks, of every kind
For they bring pleasure and joy, to every mind
May we cherish and appreciate them all
For they bring pleasure and happiness, in their own way and drawl.

Unconditional Love

I ache to please you, my love
To feel your body quiver and move
To taste your passion on my tongue
And feel your heart beat like a drum

But you're so preoccupied, it seems
With games and screens and other things
You watch the match with eager eyes
While I long to hear your moans and sighs

I continue giving you a BJ from under the table
or rimming your ass and balls
while you are enjoying it like a king
having dinner or attending calls

I dress up in my finest clothes

And put on makeup for you to adore
uncomfortable heels and sexy accessories
so that you don't feel bore

But you're too busy with your phone
Looking at *girly* pics that make you groan
sometimes actress, sometimes ... star
or stalking some girl near and far

I offer myself to your whims
Without a second thought or any shims
ready to do no matter how
kinky or degrading it seems

But you compare me to others you've fucked
telling me how sexy and good she was
how nice it felt to fill her pussy
and how big her boobs and ass was

I let you use me however you wish
always ready to *offer all of me* ...
but you fuck me without giving me any attention
while watching your favorite porn

I plan for some romantic date
with decoration and good music

i love to spend time with you
every moment that i can cherish

but you don't care about foreplay
you just look for your release
you use me like a sex toy, a flashlight
and dump me whenever you please ...

I long to feel your love for me
And have you prioritize my ecstasy
But it seems that all you care about
Is finding pleasure from some other bout

You mock me, degrade me,
humiliate me for all i do for you
But still I come back every time,
coz my love is true.

So I'll continue to offer myself
In the hope that someday you'll see
my love for you is pure and unconditional
and you also feel the same about me.

The Art of Her

Her body is a work of art,

From her eyes that enchant my heart,
To her face that speaks of grace,
And her lips that I long to taste.

Her hairs flow like a cascade,
And her neck invites a gentle embrace,
The curve of her boobs is a sight to behold,
And her underarm is as soft as gold.

Her cleavage is a secret garden,
And her navel, a divine button,
Her waist, a dreamy hourglass,
And her thighs, a pair I'll forever stare in class.

Her *bum*, a work of perfection,
And her legs, a mighty creation,
And the littlest details, like her feet,
Are all a part of this magnificent feat.

Her body is a work of art,
A masterpiece that will never depart,
An endless fountain of beauty and grace,
That will forever hold a special place.

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Prose from the Past

Fearing God and Nothing Else by Winston Churchill

MIT Mid-Century Convocation, March 31, 1949

Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), Boston, Massachusetts

I am honoured by your wish that I should take part in the discussions of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. We have suffered in Great Britain by the lack of colleges of University rank in which engineering and the allied subjects are taught. Industrial production depends on technology and it is because the Americans, like the prewar Germans, have realized this and created institutions for the advanced training of large numbers of high-grade engineers to translate the advances of pure science into industrial technique, that their output per head and consequent standard of life are so high. It is surprising that England, which was the first country to be industrialized, has nothing of comparable stature. If tonight I strike other notes than those of material progress, it implies no want of admiration for all the work you have done and are doing. My aim, like yours, is to be guided by balance and proportion.

The outstanding feature of the Twentieth Century has been the enormous expansion in the numbers who are given the opportunity to share in the larger and more varied life which in previous periods was reserved for the few and for the very few. This process must continue and we trust at an increasing rate. If we are to bring the broad masses of the people in every land to the table of abundance, it can only be by the tireless improvement of all our means of technical production, and by the diffusion in every form of education of an

improved quality to scores of millions of men and women. Even in this darkling hour I have faith that this will go on.

I rejoice in Tennyson's lines:-

*"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, even reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."*

I was however a little disquieted that you find it necessary to debate the question, to quote Dr. Burchard's opening address, "Whether the problem of world production yielding at least a minimum living to the whole population can be solved, and whether man has so destroyed the resources of his world that he may be doomed to die of starvation." If, with all the resources of modern science, we find ourselves unable to avert world famine, we shall all be to blame, but a peculiar responsibility would rest upon the scientists. I do not believe they will fail, but if they do, or were not allowed to succeed, the consequences would be very unpleasant because it is certain that mankind would not agree to starve equally, and there might be some very sharp disagreements about how the last crust was to be shared. This would simplify our problem in an unduly primordial manner.

I feel somewhat overawed in addressing this vast scientific and learned audience on the subjects which your Panels are discussing. I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along. Therefore I speak with a diffidence, which I hope to overcome as I proceed, on these profound scientific, social and philosophic issues, each of

which claims a life-long study for itself, and are now to be examined, as schoolmen would say, not only in their integrity but in their relationship, meaning thereby not only one by one but all together.

I was so glad that in the first instance you asked me to talk about the past rather than to peer into the future because I know more about the past than I do about the future, and I was well content that the President of the United States, whose gift of prophecy was so remarkably vindicated by recent electoral results, should have accepted that task. We all regret that his heavy state duties prevent him from being here tonight. I shall therefore presently have to do a little of the peering myself.

For us in Britain the Nineteenth Century ended amid the glories of the Victorian era, and we entered upon the dawn of the Twentieth in high hope for our country, our Empire and the world. The latter and larger part of the Nineteenth Century had been the period of liberal advance (liberal with a small 'l' please). In 1900 a sense of moving hopefully forward to brighter, broader and easier days was predominant. Little did we guess that what has been called the Century of the Common Man would witness as its outstanding feature more common men killing each other with greater facilities than any other five centuries together in the history of the world. But we entered this terrible Twentieth Century with confidence. We thought that with improving transportation nations would get to know each other better. We believed that as they got to know each other better they would like each other more, and that national rivalries would fade in a growing international consciousness. We took it almost for granted that science would confer continual boons and

blessings upon us, would give us better meals, better garments and better dwellings for less trouble, and thus steadily shorten the hours of labour and leave more time for play, and culture. In the name of ordered but unceasing progress, we saluted the Age of Democracy expressing itself ever more widely through Parliaments freely and fairly elected on a broad or universal franchise. We saw no reason why men and women should not shape their own home life and careers without being cramped by the growing complexity of the State, which was to be their servant and the protector of their rights. You had the famous American maxim "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and we both noticed that the world was divided into peoples that owned the Governments and Governments that owned the peoples. At least I heard all this around that time and liked some of it very much.

I was a Minister in the British Liberal Government (large "L" please), returned with a great majority in 1906. That new Liberal Government arrived in power with much of its message already delivered and most of its aims already achieved. The days of hereditary aristocratic privilege were ended or numbered. The path was opened for talent in every field of endeavour. Primary education was compulsory, universal and free, or was about to become so. New problems arising from former successes awaited the new Administration. The independence of the proletariat from thralldom involved at least a minimum standard of life and labour and security for old age, sickness, and the death of the family breadwinner. It was to these tasks of social reform and insurance that we addressed ourselves. The name of Lloyd George will ever be associated in Great Britain with this new departure. I am

proud to have been his Lieutenant in this work and also as a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer and later as head of the wartime National Coalition to have carried these same themes further forward on a magnified scale.

Science presently placed novel and dangerous facilities in the hands of the most powerful countries. Humanity was informed that it could make machines that would fly through the air and vessels which could swim beneath the surface of the seas. The conquest of the air and the perfection of the art of flying fulfilled the dream which for thousands of years had glittered in human imagination. Certainly it was a marvellous and romantic event. Whether the bestowal of this gift upon an immature civilization composed of competing nations whose nationalism grew with every advance of democracy and who were as yet devoid of international organization, was a blessing or a curse has yet to be proved. On the whole I remain an optimist. For good or ill Air mastery is today the supreme expression of military power, and fleets and armies, however necessary, must accept a subordinate rank. This is a memorable milestone in the march of man.

The submarine, to do it justice, has never made any claim to be a blessing or even a convenience. I well remember when it became an accomplished military fact of peculiar significance to the British Isles and the British Navy, there was a general belief even in the Admiralty where I presided, that no nation would ever be so wicked as to use these under-water vessels to sink merchantmen at sea. How could a submarine, it was asked, provide for the safety of the crews of the merchant ships it sank? Public opinion was shocked

when old Admiral Fisher bluntly declared that this would be no bar to their being used by the new and growing German Navy in a most ruthless manner. His prediction was certainly not stultified by what was soon to happen.

Here then we have these two novel and potent weapons placed in the hands of highly nationalized sovereign States in the early part of the Twentieth Century, and both of them dwell with us today for our future edification.

A third unmeasured sphere opened to us as the years passed, which, for the sake of comprehensive brevity, I will describe as Radar. This Radar, with its innumerable variants and possibilities, has so far been the handmaiden of the air, but it has also been the enemy of the submarine and in alliance with the air may well prove its exterminator.

In the first half of the Twentieth Century, fanned by the crimson wings of war, the conquest of the air affected profoundly human affairs. It made the globe seem much bigger to the mind and much smaller to the body. The human biped was able to travel about far more quickly. This greatly reduced the size of his estate, while at the same time creating an even keener sense of its exploitable value. In the Nineteenth Century Jules Verne wrote "Round the World in Eighty Days". It seemed a prodigy. Now you can get round it in four; but you do not see much of it on the way. The whole prospect and outlook of mankind grew immeasurably larger, and the multiplication of ideas also proceeded at an incredible rate. This vast expansion was unhappily not accompanied by any noticeable advance in the stature of man, either in his mental faculties, or his moral character. His brain got no better, but it buzzed

more. The scale of events around him assumed gigantic proportions while he remained about the same size.

By comparison therefore he actually became much smaller. We no longer had great men directing manageable affairs. The need was to discipline an array of gigantic and turbulent facts. To this task we have certainly so far proved unequal. Science bestowed immense new powers on man and at the same time created conditions which were largely beyond his comprehension and still more beyond his control. While he nursed the illusion of growing mastery and exulted in his new trappings, he became the sport and presently the victim of tides, and currents, of whirlpools and tornadoes amid which he was far more helpless than he had been for a long time.

Hopeful developments in many directions were proceeding in 1914 on both sides of the Atlantic and seemed to point to an age of Peace and Plenty when suddenly violent events broke in upon them. For more than forty years there had been no major war in Europe. Indeed since the Civil War in the United States, there had been no great struggle in the West. A spirit of adventure stirred the minds of men and was by no means allayed by the general advance of prosperity and science. On the contrary prosperity meant power, and science offered weapons. We read in the Bible "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." For several generations Britannia had ruled the waves - for long periods at less cost annually than that of a single modern battleship.

History, will say that this great trust was not abused. American testimony about the early period of the Monroe Doctrine is upon record. There was the

suppression of the Slave Trade. During our prolonged period of naval supremacy undeterred by the rise of foreign tariffs, we opened our ports freely to the commerce of the world. Our Colonial and oriental empire, even our coastal trade, was free to the shipping of all the nations on equal terms. We in no way sought to obstruct the rise of other States or Navies. For nearly the whole of the Nineteenth Century the monopoly of sea power in British hands was a trust discharged faithfully in the general interest. But now in the first decade of the Twentieth Century with new patterns of warships, naval rivalries became acute and fierce. Civilized Governments began to think in Dreadnoughts. It would in such a setting have been very difficult to prevent the First World War.

There was of course one way - one way then as now - the creation of an international instrument, strong enough to adjust the disputes of nations and enforce its decisions against an aggressor. Much wisdom, eloquence and earnest effort was devoted to this theme in which the United States took the lead, but we only got as far as the World Court at the Hague and improvements in the Geneva Convention. The impulses towards a trial of strength in Europe were the stronger. Germany, demanding her 'place in the sun', was faced by a resolute France with her military honour to regain. England, in accordance with her foreign policy of three hundred years, sustained the weaker side. France found an ally in the Russia of the Czars and Germany in the crumbling Empire of the Hapsburgs. The United States, for reasons which were natural and traditional, but no longer so valid as in the past, stood aloof and expected to be able to watch as a spectator, the thrilling, fearful drama unfold from

across what was then called "the broad Atlantic." These expectations were not borne out by what happened.

High hopes and spacious opportunities awaited the victorious allies when they assembled at Versailles after four and a half years of hideous mechanical slaughter, illuminated by infinite sacrifice, but not remarkably relieved by strategy or generalship. War, stripped of every pretention of glamour or romance had been brought home to the masses of the peoples in forms never before experienced except by the defeated. To stop another war was the supreme object and duty of the statesmen who met as friends and allies around the Peace Table. They made great errors. The doctrine of self-determination was not the remedy for Europe, which needed above all things, unity and larger groupings. The idea that the vanquished could pay the expenses of the victors was a destructive and crazy delusion. The failure to strangle Bolshevism at its birth and to bring Russia, then prostrate, by one means or another, into the general democratic system lies heavy upon us today. Nevertheless the statesmen at Versailles, largely at the inspiration of President Wilson, an inspiration implemented effectively by British thought, created the League of Nations. This is their defense before history, and had the League been resolutely sustained and used, it would have saved us all.

This was not to be. Another ordeal even more appalling than the first lay before us. Even when so much else had failed we could have obtained a prolonged peace, lasting all our lives at least, simply by keeping Germany disarmed in accordance with the Treaty, and by treating her with justice and magnanimity. This latter condition was very nearly achieved at Locarno in

1928, but the failure to enforce the disarmament clauses and above all to sustain the League of Nations, both of which purposes could easily have been accomplished, brought upon us the Second World War. Once again the English speaking world gloriously but narrowly emerged, bleeding and breathless, but united as we never were before. This unity is our present salvation, because after all our victories, we are now faced by perils, both grave and near, and by problems more dire than have ever confronted Christian civilization, even in this Twentieth Century of storm and change.

There remains however a key of deliverance. It is the same key which was searched for by those who laboured to set up the World Court at the Hague in the early years of the century. It is the same conception as animated President Wilson and his colleagues at Versailles, namely the creation of a world instrument capable at least of giving to all its members Security against Aggression. The United Nations Organization which has been erected under the inspiring leadership of my great wartime friend, President Roosevelt, in place of the former League, has so far been rent and distracted by the antagonism of Soviet Russia and by the fundamental schism which has opened between Communism and the rest of mankind. But we must not despair. We must persevere, and if the gulf continues to widen, we must make sure that the cause of Freedom is defended by all the resources of combined forethought and superior science. Here lies the best hope of averting a third world struggle, and a sure means of coming through it without being enslaved or destroyed.

One of the questions which we are debating here is defined as "the failure of social and political institutions to keep pace with material and technical

change." Scientists should never underrate the deep-seated qualities of human nature and how, repressed in one direction they will certainly break out in another. The genus homo if I may display my Latin - is a tough creature who has travelled here by a very long road. His nature has been shaped and his virtues ingrained by many millions of years of struggle, fear and pain, and his spirit has, from the earliest dawn of history, shown itself upon occasion capable of mounting to the sublime, far above material conditions or mortal terrors. He still remains as Pope described him two hundred years ago:

*"Placed on this Isthmus of a middle State
A being darkly wise and rudely great
Created half to rise and half to fall
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all.
Sole Judge of truth in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest and riddle of the world."*

In his Introductory address, Dr. Burchard, the Dean of Humanities, spoke with awe of "an approaching scientific ability to control men's thoughts with precision." I shall be very content if my task in this world is done before that happens. Laws just or unjust may govern men's actions. Tyrannies may restrain or regulate their words. The machinery of propaganda may pack their minds with falsehood and deny them truth for many generations of time. But the soul of man thus held in trance or frozen in a long night can be awakened by a spark coming from God knows where and in a moment the whole structure of lies and oppression is on trial for its life. Peoples in bondage should never despair. Science no doubt could if sufficiently perverted

exterminate us all but it is not in the power of material forces in any period which the youngest here tonight need take into practical account, to alter the main elements in human nature or restrict the infinite variety of forms in which the soul and genius of the human race can and will express itself.

How right you are in this great Institution of technical study and achievement to keep a Dean of Humanities and give him so commanding a part to play in your discussions! No technical knowledge can outweigh knowledge of the humanities in the gaining of which philosophy and history walk hand in hand. Our inheritance of well-founded slowly conceived codes of honour, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow. Those whose minds are attracted or compelled to rigid and symmetrical systems of government should remember that logic, like science, must be the servant and not the master of man. Human beings and human societies are not structures that are built or machines that are forged. They are plants that grow and must be tended as such. Life is a test and this world a place of trial. Always the problems or it may be the same problem will be presented to every generation in different forms. The problems of victory may be even more baffling than those of defeat. However much the conditions change, the supreme question is how we live and grow and bloom and die, and how far each life conforms to standards which are not wholly related to space or time.

Here I speak not only to those who enjoy the blessings and consolation of revealed religion but also to those who face the mysteries of human destiny

alone. The flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfilment of Spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival. Only by bringing it into perfect application can we hope to solve for ourselves the problems of this world and not of this world alone.

I cannot speak to you here tonight without expressing to the United States - as I have perhaps some right to do - the thanks of Britain and of Europe for the splendid part America is playing in the world. Many nations have risen to the summit of human affairs, but here is a great example where new-won supremacy has not been used for self-aggrandisement but only for further sacrifice.

Three years ago I spoke at Fulton under the auspices of President Truman. Many people here and in my own country were startled and even shocked by what I said. But events have vindicated and fulfilled in much detail the warnings which I deemed it my duty to give at that time.

Today there is a very different climate of opinion. I am in cordial accord with much that is being done. We have, as dominating facts, the famous Marshall Aid, the new unity in Western Europe and now the Atlantic Pact. How has this tremendous change in our outlook and policy been accomplished? The responsible Ministers in all the countries concerned deserve high credit. There is credit enough for all. In my own country the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, who has come here to sign the Atlantic Pact, has shown himself indifferent to mere party popularity in dealing with these great national issues. He has

shown himself, like many American public men, above mere partisan interest in dealing with these national and world issues. No one could however have brought about these immense changes in the feeling of the United States, Great Britain and Europe but for the astounding policy of the Russian Soviet Government. We may well ask, "Why have they deliberately acted so as to unite the free world against them?" It is certainly not because there are not very able men among them. Why have they done it? I offer you my own answer to this strange conundrum. It is because they fear the friendship of the West more than its hostility. They cannot afford to allow free and friendly intercourse to grow up between the vast area they control and the civilization of the West. The Russian people must not see what goes on outside, and the world must not see what goes on inside the Soviet domain. Fourteen men in the Kremlin, holding down hundreds of millions of people and aiming at the rule of the world feel that at all costs they must keep up the barriers. Self-preservation, not for Russia but for themselves, lies at the root and is the explanation of their sinister and malignant policy.

In consequence of the Soviet conduct the relations of Communist Russia with the other great powers of the world are without precedent in history. Measures and counter-measures have been taken on many occasions which in any previous period could only have meant armed conflict. The situation has been well described by distinguished Americans as the "cold war." And the question is asked "Are we winning the cold war?" This cannot be decided by looking at Europe alone. We must also look to Asia. The worst disaster since our victory has been the collapse of China under Communist attack and intrigue. China, in which the United States have always taken a high interest,

comprises an immense part of the population of the world. The absorption of China and India into the Kremlin-controlled Communist Empire, would certainly bring measureless bloodshed and misery to eight or nine hundred million people.

On the other hand, the position in Europe has so far been successfully maintained. The prodigious effort of the Berlin Air Lift has carried us through the winter. Time, though dearly-bought, has been gained for peace. The efficiency of the American and British Air Forces has been proved and improved. Most of all the spectacle of the British and Americans trying to feed the two million Germans in Berlin, while the Soviet Government was trying to starve them, has been an object lesson to the German people far beyond anything that words could convey. I trust that small and needless provocations of German sentiment may be avoided by the Western Powers. The revival and union of Europe cannot be achieved without the earnest and freely given aid of the German people.

The Air Lift has fully justified itself. Nevertheless, fear and its shadows brood over Western Europe today. A month ago in Brussels I spoke to a meeting of 30,000 Belgians. I could feel at once their friendship and their anxiety. They have no Atlantic Ocean, no English Channel, between them and the Russian Communist armoured divisions. Yet they bravely and ardently support the cause of United Europe. I was also conscious of the hope and faith which they, like the Greek people, place in the United States.

We are now confronted with something quite as wicked but in some ways more formidable than Hitler, because Hitler had only the Herrenvolk pride and anti-Semitic hatred to exploit. He had no fundamental theme. But these fourteen men in the Kremlin have their hierarchy and a church of Communist adepts, whose missionaries are in every country as a Fifth Column, awaiting the day when they hope to be the absolute masters of their fellow-countrymen and pay off old scores. They have their anti-God religion and their Communist doctrine of the entire subjugation of the individual to the State. Behind this stands the largest Army in the world, in the hands of a Government pursuing Imperialist expansion, as no Czar or Kaiser had ever done.

I must not conceal from you the truth as I see it. It is certain that Europe would have been communized and London under bombardment some time ago but for the deterrent of the Atomic Bomb in the hands of the United States.

Another question is also asked. Is time on our side? That is not a question that can be answered except within strict limits. We have certainly not an unlimited period of time before a settlement should be achieved. The utmost vigilance should be practised but I do not think myself that violent or precipitate action should be taken now. War is not inevitable. The Germans have a wise saying, "The trees do not grow up to the sky." Often something happens to turn or mitigate the course of events. Four or five hundred years ago Europe seemed about to be conquered by the Mongols. Two great battles were fought almost on the same day near Vienna and in Poland. In both of these the chivalry and armed power of Europe was completely shattered by the Asiatic hordes. It seemed that nothing could avert the doom of the famous

Continent from which modern civilization and culture have spread throughout the world. But at the critical moment the Great Khan died. The succession was vacant, and the Mongol armies and their leaders trooped back on their ponies across the seven thousand miles which separated them from their capital in order to choose a successor. They never returned till now.

We need not abandon hope or patience. Many favorable processes are on foot. Under the impact of Communism all the free nations are being welded together as they never have been before and never could be, but for the harsh external pressure to which they are being subjected. We have no hostility to the Russian people and no desire to deny them their legitimate rights and security. I hoped that Russia, after the war, would have access, through unfrozen waters, into every ocean, guaranteed by the World Organization of which she would be a leading member; that she should have the freest access, which indeed she has at the present time, to raw materials of every kind; and that the Russians everywhere would be received as brothers in the human family. That still remains our aim and ideal. We seek nothing from Russia but goodwill and fair play. If, however, there is to be a war of nerves, let us make sure our nerves are strong and are fortified by the deepest convictions of our hearts. If we persevere steadfastly together, and allow no appeasement of tyranny and wrong-doing in any form, it may not be our nerve or the structure of our civilization which will break, and peace may yet be preserved.

This is a hard experience in the life of the world. After our great victory, which we believed would decide the struggle for freedom for our time at least, we thought we had deserved better of fortune. But unities and associations are

being established by many nations throughout the free world with a speed and reality which would not have been achieved perhaps for generations. Of all these unities the one most precious to me is the fraternal association between the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. Do not underrate the strength of Britain. As I said at Fulton, "Do not suppose that half a century from now you will not see seventy or eighty millions of Britons spread about the world and united in defence of our traditions, our way of life, and the world causes which you and we espouse." United we stand secure.

Let us then move forward together in discharge of our mission and our duty,

fearing God and nothing else.

Malou Gets Her Man by A. Free

If there was anything Malou loved, it was swimming in the “altogether.” When she was a little girl, she had lived out in the country, and there had been a pond on her father’s farm. Nobody else ever went near it, and, many times, she had gone to swim in it au natural. The memory of these happy childhood days had always lingered, even though Malou now had grown into a splendid, clean limbed, lithe young lady of twenty.

One reason she had accepted an invitation to the Torrenton’s house party was that she knew of the splendid, large cement pool behind the house, beautifully shaded by tall trees, and just a step or two from the house.

Malou had retired at one o’clock; but she hadn’t gone to sleep. It was hot in the house. The party had been a hot one. Even the cocktails had made her hotter. She lay awake in bed, tossing and turning, thinking of that cool cement tank not far behind the house.

She listened intently. Everyone seemed to have retired now. There was not a sound anywhere, and the Torrenton’s, she knew, kept no dogs.

Rising, she turned on the light. Stepped out of her pajamas. Got, from an upper drawer where she had put it when she unpacked for a week end, her brief, black, knit bathing suit. She was about to slip into it when she caught sight of herself in the full length mirror on the back of the door.

And what a sight it was. A long, slim, clean limbed body, built for speed. A body topped by a small, well-shaped head, and a face as pretty as the law of nature in such matters allows. A face equipped with twin, large, blue eyes; fitted with eyelids that contained long, cheek dusting lashes. A tiny, hollow equipped neck; beautifully rounded and dimpled shoulders. A flat, soft white torso.

Her hips were narrow, and her thighs were svelte and sleek. She discarded the bathing suit and decided to take a chance. Everybody was in bed. Tiptoeing carefully from the room she went downstairs, through the long hall that led to the rear, and found the kitchen. There was bright moonlight outside, and its argent light penetrated at the windows so that, with her eyes accustomed to the dark, she could see quite clearly.

Without difficulty she found and opened the back door. Stepped out upon the path that led to the pool. Not a sound had she heard so far. She wished that modern life were just a trifle more daring than it is, so that she might, without losing his respect, let young Tarrenton, who had just come back from a long inspection of his father's interests in Canada, see her as she was now.

As she walked along toward the pool, she re-membered how he had looked at her that evening. It seemed that every moment when he hadn't been bringing her something to eat or drink, or dancing with her, he had been looking at her. At thirty he had developed into a splendid young man, with almost red, soft hair, a handsome face and a strong, well set body.

If he could see her now, she giggled, he'd probably do something beyond just stare at her; he'd want to marry her. And Howard Tarrenton was the only man Malou had ever seen that she would have thought of marrying.

Arriving at the edge of the pool, where it was somewhat dark from the trees, Malou found her way out upon the springboard, poised for a moment, gave a bound; curved, thrillingly through the air, and ended in a perfect dive entering the water as cleanly as an arrow.

Under the water she shot through coolness for several feet, and came to the surface, at the shallow end of the tank, squarely into the arms of a man!

“Oh!” said Malou.

“My goodness!” said the man; “you haven’t got anything on!”

“I haven’t got anything on you,” she charged, self-possessed in spite of everything.

“I didn’t think anyone else would come out here this time of morning,” he explained, “otherwise I’d have—but, you see up in Canada, during the warm weather, it’s so sparsely settled up there, and the lakes are so secluded that one learns to swim, au naturel—it’s the swellest way in the world to swim, as evidently you have noticed.”

“And how!” Malou agreed.

“It’s Howard, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” he said, “it’s Howard; and you’re Malou Wentworth, aren’t you?”

“Now that we know each other,” she said, “I suppose I’d better hurry back to the house.”

“No,” he said, “let me go, and you stay here; I’ve had my swim. You’ve just come.”

“Since we can’t see each other,” she suggested, “suppose we both stay.”

“I was hoping you’d say that,” he told her.

“If you’ll let me go,” she suggested, I’ll swim around awhile.”

“Oh! I beg your pardon,” he said, “I forgot I was holding you.” With some difficulty he released his tight grip upon her and she swam away. A moment later he heard a startled:

“Oh! My head!” And then silence.

Frantically Howard swam toward the spot where he had heard the startled exclamation. He found her limp in the water near the edge of the pool. Evidently, he decided, she had lost her bearings and swum headlong against

the cement side of the pool. He pulled her toward the shallow end, picked her soft wet slippery body up into his arms, carried her out and laid her down upon the edge of the pool.

Not knowing what else to do, he chaffed her hands and the rest of her body, supposing that this might possibly stir up some sign of life; but, when nothing happened, he picked her up again and went toward the house. Inside the house, he carried her up to her room; put her down gently upon the bed, turned on the night reading lamp near the bed.

He hastily retreated to his room, slipped into a pair of pajamas and a bathrobe and returned. She still lay perfectly still as he had left her. He racked his brains frantically to think of something to do; but no idea suggested itself except perhaps that a drink of liquor might aid in bringing her to.

He retreated again, hastily, to his room; secured a bottle of whiskey and returned to her side. She had not, so far as he could see, stirred. Putting an arm around behind her he lifted up her head and poured some of the whiskey between her lips. She choked, stirred; sighed, opened her eyes.

“You’re in your own room,” he said, forestalling her; “I guess you bumped your head against the cement side of the pool. I’d better go and stir up somebody and get a doctor.”

“Oh no, don’t,” she advised. “I’ll be all right; and if you do that, people will wonder and talk about how we happened to be out in the pool together, and how you happened to be in here and everything. That wouldn’t do at all!”

“I guess you’re right,’ he admitted, “but what can I do? What treatment do you suggest?”

“You might start by covering me up with some-thing,” she suggested reprovingly. “You should have thought of that in the first place.”

He blushed and got a cover to throw over her.

“Now what shall I do?” he asked helplessly.

“Stop looking worried,” she advised, “and just stay here with me and hold my hand; I feel sort of dizzy, as though I were floating away.”

She half closed her eyes, and, in a panic, he took her into his arms. He could not have told precisely how it happened; but, at any rate, he found her lips very close to his and kissed them. This seemed to revive her a little so he kissed them again and again, let his mouth dwell upon them. He took her tightly into his arms. She said “Oh!” much as she had when she ran into the concrete.

It was at breakfast the following morning that they met again.

“How do you feel this morning?” Howard asked anxiously so soon as they were alone.

“I’ve got the devil of a headache,” she told him. “What happened any-way? Why did you go away and leave me; I might have died.”

“You were alive enough when I left you,” he told her in surprise.

“You don’t remember a single thing about my reviving you, and giving you an, er—treatment ?”

“What kind of treatment?” she asked, with wide, blue innocent eyes.

“Why, er—first aid,” he stammered. “I am astounded that you don’t remember.”

“Tell me all about it,” she begged.

“The treatment,” he began, “went something like this.” He started kissing her violently.

But the treatment was no news to Malou; for, of course, she had never actually bumped her head at all in the first place.

Pictorial: Malou



The Ring by Anais Nin

In Peru it is the custom among the Indians to exchange rings for a betrothal, rings that have been in their possession for a long time. These rings are sometimes in the shape of a chain.

A very handsome Indian fell in love with a Peruvian woman of Spanish descent, but there was violent opposition on the part of her family. The Indians were purported to be lazy and degenerate, and to produce weak and unstable children, particularly when married to Spanish blood.

In spite of the opposition, the young people carried out their engagement ceremony among their friends. The girl's father came in during the festivities and threatened that, if he ever met the Indian wearing the chain ring the girl had already given him, he would tear it from his anger in the bloodiest manner, and if necessary cut his finger off. The festivities were spoiled by this incident. Everybody went home, and the young people separated with promises to meet secretly.

They met one evening after many difficulties, and kissed fervently for a long while. The woman was exalted by his kisses. She was ready to give herself, feeling that this might be their last moment together, for her father's anger was growing every day. But the Indian was determined to marry her, determined not to possess her in secrecy. Then she noticed that he did not have the ring on his finger. Her eyes questioned him. He said in her ear, ‘I am wearing it, but not where it can be seen. I am wearing it where no one can see

it, but where it will prevent me from taking you or any other woman until we are married.'

'I don't understand,' said the woman. 'Where is the ring?'

Then he took her hand, led it to a certain place between the legs. The woman's fingers felt his penis first of all, and then he guided her fingers and she felt the ring there at the base of it. At the touch of her hand, however, the penis hardened and he cried out, because the ring pressed into it and gave him excruciating pain.

The woman almost fainted with horror. It was as if he wanted to kill and mutilate the desire in himself. And at the same time the thought of this penis bound and encircled by her ring roused her sexually, so that her body became warm and sensitive to all kinds of erotic fantasies. She continued to kiss him, and he begged her not to, because it brought him greater and greater pain.

A few days later the Indian was again in agony, but he could not get the ring off. The doctor had to be called, and the ring filed away.

The woman came to him and offered to run away with him. He accepted. They got on horses and traveled for a whole night together to a nearby town. There he concealed her in a room and went out to get work on an hacienda. She did not leave the room until her father tired of searching for her. The night watchman of the town was the only one aware of her presence. The watchman was a young man and had helped to conceal her. From her window she could

see him walking back and forth carrying the keys of the houses, and calling,
‘The night is clear and all is well in the town.’

When someone came home late he would clap his hands together and call for the watchman. The watchman would open the door. While the Indian was away at work the watchman and the woman chatted together innocently.

He told her about a crime that had recently taken place in the village. The Indians who left the mountain and their work on the haciendas and went down to the jungle became wild and beastlike. Their faces changed from lean, noble contours to bestial grossness.

Such a transformation had just taken place in an Indian who had once been the handsomest man of the village, gracious, silent, with a strange humor and a reserved sensuality. He had gone down to the jungle and made money hunting. Now he had returned. He was homesick. He came back poor and wandered about homeless. No one recognized or remembered him.

Then he had caught a little girl on the road and ripped her sexual parts with a long knife used for skinning animals. He had not violated her, but had taken the knife and inserted it into her sex, and belabored her with it. The whole village was in a turmoil. They could not decide how to punish him. A very old Indian practice was to be revived for his sake. His wounds would be parted and wax, mixed with a biting acid the Indians knew of, inserted into them so that the pain would be doubled. Then he was to be flogged to death.

As the watchman told this story to the woman, her lover returned from his work. He saw her leaning out of the window and looking at the watchman. He rushed up to her room and appeared before her with his black hair wild around his face, his eyes full of lightning bolts of anger and jealousy. He began to curse her and torture her with questions and doubts.

Ever since the accident with the ring his penis had remained sensitive. The lovemaking was accompanied with pain, and so he could not indulge in it as often as he wanted. His penis would swell and hurt him for days. He was always afraid he was not satisfying his mistress and that she might love another. When he saw the tall watchman talking to her, he was sure they were carrying on an affair behind his back. He wanted to hurt her, he wanted her to suffer bodily in some way, as he had suffered for her. He forced her to go downstairs with him to the cellar where the wines were kept in vats under beamed ceilings.

He tied a rope to one of the beams. The woman thought he was going to beat her. She could not understand why he was preparing a pulley. Then he tied her hands and began pulling on the rope so that her body was raised in the air and the whole weight of it hung on her wrists, and the pain was great.

She wept and swore that she had been faithful, but he was insane. When she fainted as he pulled the rope again, he came to his senses. He took her down and began embracing her and caressing her. She opened her eyes and smiled at him.

He was overcome with desire for her and he threw himself on her. He thought that she would resist him, that after the pain she had endured she would be angry. But she made no resistance. She continued to smile at him. And when he touched her sex he found that she was wet. He took her with fury, and she responded with the same exaltation. It was the best night they ever had together, lying there on the cold cellar floor in the darkness.

Pictorial: Two Pictures of Alice Lidell by Lewis Carroll



The Thirteenth Man by Orestes Pinto

It was the last week of September, 1940. Four months earlier the last remnants of the British Expeditionary Force had been evacuated from Dunkirk, leaving the German Wehrmacht on the edge of the Channel. On a clear day their soldiers, lustily singing their favourite song, “Marching against England,” could see the misty outlines of the coveted prize across the narrow strip of water, narrow enough for a good swimmer to cross. Only one gigantic stride was required, it seemed, for the all-conquering Wehrmacht with its crack Panzer troops, self-propelled guns and Stuka dive bombers to snatch the one plum that remained beyond its grasp. Hitler himself had supervised the drawing up of his favorite plan – the invasion of England – under the code name of “OPERATION SEALION.”

Air reconnaissance and information from our secret agents on the Continent confirmed the possibilities. Flotillas of barges and small ships were moving into position along the coast between Ostend and Le Havre. One hundred sixty bomber aircraft were transferred from Norway to the Channel area. Short-range dive bombers were spotted on the forward airfields in the Pas de Calais. As Mr. Winston Churchill later wrote in Volume II of his great memoirs: “Moon and tide conditions between the 8th and the 10th (of September) were favourable for invasion of the Southeast Coast . . . The Chiefs of Staff concluded that the possibility of invasion had become imminent.”

I had spent the night on duty in my office. Dawn was breaking as I rose, stretched myself and yawned, then went off to shave. I had just returned when a young intelligence officer rushed into the room. He was obviously excited.

“A message for you, sir,” he blurted out.

I took the message and held it up to the pale light from the window. The code signature showed that it came from one of our most trusted and resolute agents, who had been left on the Continent to spy for us.

The message read:

“U-Boat departs Zeebrugge tonight 2130 carrying four spies instructed land England before daylight south coast map reference 432925 these men carefully selected and trained for special mission regarding German OPERATION SEALION.”

I looked up at the excited young man and smiled. “This means business,” I said. “Come on, let’s get to work.”

We consulted a large-scale map of the south coast. There was a spot indicated by the map reference and it had obviously been chosen with care. It was a small secluded cove, and behind it the steep cliffs stood almost sheer, providing cover from inquisitive eyes. But if they would serve to keep the casual observer out they might as easily serve to keep the silent invader in. Manned by resolute watchers, these cliffs could be a death trap for the four

spies. The cove was crescent-shaped and far from any village, or even house, if the map were correct. It was wide open to the sea, but there was only one exit on the land side.

I smoked a cigarette while I ran over the simple plan that was forming in my mind. Then I conferred with the Field Security officer, a captain, who had already been detailed to work with me.

“This is how I see it,” I said. “The plan is simple, but on a dark night the more simple it is the less likelihood of things going wrong. All we need do is to place men at short intervals along the foot of the cliffs – you see on the map how the beach is funnel-shaped? – and you and I will post ourselves at the neck of the funnel – here. This little path – or track – is the only exit from the beach, short of scaling the cliffs. To go right ashore these four spies have got to get past us.”

“How many men will you require, sir?” he asked.

“Let us say a dozen. And have them change into civilian clothes, less conspicuous.”

“Armed, of course, sir?”

“Yes, of course. But on no account are they to open fire *without my orders*. That must be strictly understood. We want to get these men alive.”

“Yes, sir.”

“They must all carry flashlights. We can work out a series of signals before we leave. Any more questions?”

“No, sir.”

“Right. We must be in position by midnight. Have your men ready to leave by seven o’clock. That should give us ample time to drive there in comfort.”

2

It was growing dusk as we drove along the Great West Road and gradually darkness blotted out the countryside. The blackout on all sides and the feeble beams from our shuttered headlamps gave us an eerie sensation of moving through a strange fourth dimension. The moon had not risen and we felt like ants in a bottle of ink with the cap screwed on. I was chain smoking. Being a heavy smoker, I knew the coming torment of perhaps six hours without being able to light up in case the glow of the cigarette end betrayed our position. I was trying to build up a reserve of the nicotine content in my blood stream and in the darkness smiled at this fantasy. From time to time I glanced at the luminous dial of my watch. We were making good progress and at this rate would easily be in position by the appointed hour.

As I peered out into the blackness of the passing country-side, a strange fancy seized me. In my mind’s eye I could see the outlines of the map fifty miles on

either side of the English Coast. Two lines were converging, one from the land and one from the sea, on that lonely funnel-shaped cove. But the lines of the cliff edge which I had memorized were no longer funnel-shaped in my imagination. They had become the jaws of a trap. Once we were in a position the trap would be ready for springing. I thought for a while of the four spies at this moment huddled in the U-boat that was nosing its way toward the English Coast. What kind of men were they? Fanatic patriots taking the supreme risk for their country? Or trained men carrying out orders instinctively? And then I thought of our Field Security fellows who would man the trap. It suddenly occurred to me that the captain and his men were thirteen in number. Was this to be an unlucky omen?

3

We reached the cliffs at the back of the cove on the stroke of midnight. I quickly ran through the orders with the twelve men and their captain huddled round me, dark, unrecognizable shapes against the dark countryside. Man the foot of the cliffs at equal distances apart, no talking, no smoking, above all, no shooting except in absolute self-defence. The signal if any spy came within tackling distance – three short flashes from the nearest flashlight. There were no questions and, one by one, we threaded our way down the narrow cliff path in silence save the occasional muttered curse as someone tripped over an obstruction. At the foot of the cliff the captain and I watched the men disappear into the darkness on either side of the cliff path. We stood together at the junction of the beach with the path, the neck of the “funnel.” We could

hear the quiet crunching of the men's footsteps on the sand as they crept into position and then silence.

Silence – except for the monotonous ripple of the tide on the beach and the sucking noise it made on the ebb. Ripple and suck, ripple and suck, as it had done from time immemorial. Tonight the time seemed immemorial and the minutes crawled away.

After what felt like a whole night of waiting I was surprised to hear a distant clock in a village chime the hour of one. Only one o'clock! I turned up my greatcoat collar, plunged my hands deeper in my pockets and hunched up my shoulders against the damp cold of the beach. I ached with all my being for a cigarette. Once when my hand brushed against the packet, I was sorely tempted. But no! the flicker of a match and the red glow of the cigarette end would have been seen for miles off to sea, especially if, as I suspected, keen eyes were already scanning the shore through binoculars.

Two o'clock crept towards us, arrived and then receded as slowly. The three o'clock. I checked my watch with the village church chimes at three o'clock, and what might have been a half hour later, glanced at it again. Only five past three. I held it to my ear but it ticked away steadily. I was too fast in my impatience, not the watch too slow.

It was nearly four o'clock. I turned to the captain and whispered. "I wish to God the blighters would ..."'

Suddenly I saw the flashes – one, two, three short jabs of light against the black cliff side. Another torched flashed out, then another then another. A prowling figure was silhouetted against the shifting beams. As two other flashlights cut beams into the darkness, a second and a third figure could be observed, immobilized by surprise. A light went out suddenly and I could hear the sound of a shuffle. The ring of torchlight closed in and there was a moment of confusion, of shouting and boots plunging in the soft sand. The captain and I rushed to the centre of the confusion and as we arrived, order returned. There were our twelve men triumphant with their dumbfounded and dejected captives. As I had the prisoners lined up, I thought to myself, “it is almost too easy.” I counted them, one, two, three. It had been too easy. The fourth man was missing.

4

I was certain in my mind that the message had been correct in mentioning four men. A spy who risks his life in getting a vitally important radio message out of enemy held territory makes sure that his details are right. Four men, the message had said, and four men there were going to be. But now that the element of surprise was lost, finding the fourth man would be almost impossible before daylight. He could be lying up somewhere between the sea and the cliffs and only the luckiest beam of a torch or the accidental stumbling over him would betray his hiding place. So far we had made an satisfactory haul but our night’s work could be ruined if we allowed one man to slip through our fingers. The fact that we had not caught him at the first opportunity probably meant that he was the most dangerous and cool-headed

of the bunch. He could do uncalculable damage, perhaps ruin our chances of defeating the invasion that seemed imminent. There was one reassuring factor. He must still be on the beach. The cliff path had been guarded throughout and that was the only exit.

I turned to the Field Security captain. “Well, there’s only one thing to do. We’ll have to stick here until daylight and pick him up then. In the meantime, let’s see what we have hooked.”

The three men were searched. My admiration for German thoroughness rose by a few degrees. Each of the prisoners were well-dressed in an English suit obviously cut by an English tailor and carrying a well-known London tailor’s label. They had plenty of English money in notes of small denominations. They even had the proper identification cards, colored grey for aliens and duly filled in and stamped. Each carried a compact but powerful radio transmitter.

I ordered the three to be moved sufficiently far apart to be out of earshot of each other and then began to question them. The first two I interrogated were Germans, named Waldberg and Meyer. Like many Germans, although resolute under fire, they offered little resistance when they knew the game was up. They answered my questions sullenly in detail.

Before I had spoken to the third man, he broke out in English with, “Could I have a word with you please, sir?” In surprise I flashed a light in his face. He stood there blinking. I studied him. His accent was marked but it was not a German accent. He was obviously frightened.

“Well?” I said.

And then the story came tumbling out. He was not a German but a Dutchman. He was not really a spy; in fact he was glad to be caught so soon. It saved him the trouble of giving himself up at the nearest police station he could find. He had been too smart for the Germans. He had fooled them in thinking he wanted to be a spy in England, when all the time his one aim was to get over to England and enlist on the sides of the Allies. He gave an ingratiating grin as he ended.

It was not the first time I had heard this kind of story but my disgust did not grow less. I can admire an honest spy who risks his life and accepts the consequences of capture with courage. But this glib cowardice was only contemptible. To save his own skin the man would cheerfully betray his comrades. He might, nevertheless, be useful to us.

“All right, you say you are on our side. How many of you came ashore tonight?”

“Four, sir.”

“You are absolutely certain there were four of you?”

“Yes, sir. Myself, Waldberg, Meyer and Van der Kieboom, sir. That makes four.”

“Van der Kieboom. That’s not a German name.”

No, sir. He is Dutch – like me.”

So that was established. There really had been four and the message was correct. But where was Van der Kieboom? Perhaps daylight will tell.

5

And so our vigil continued. Five o’clock and then six o’clock came and went. At last, when the night seemed never ending, a streak of pale light showed on the horizon and crept across the sea towards us. Soon it was possible to distinguish rocks from men and a quarter of an hour later there was enough light to begin the last search.

Our men fanned out in a line and, starting from one end of the beach, slowly paced toward the other. There was gorse and undergrowth, thorny bushes and sand hollows, but every inch of the ground was searched in the half light before the dawn. The Field security captain and I stood back and watched them gradually making their way forward, bending down under every bush, moving all objects that might afford cover. They were a third of the way along the beach, then halfway, then three-quarters. And then they converged at the far end empty-handed. There was no trace of Van der Kieboom.

I swore out loud, then shouted to them to retrace their steps. The line fanned out again as they returned toward us, searching the ground as meticulously as before. This was fantastic. Van der Kieboom had to be on the beach. Wild thoughts flashed through my mind. Could he have swum back to the U-boat when he heard his comrades captured? But no, there had been no sound of splashing from the sea except the ripple and suck of the monotonous tide. Could he have scaled the cliffs? A glance upward assured me that not even a mountain goat could have ascended in the dark without dislodging stones and boulders to give its position away. So Van der Kieboom must be still on the beach. But where?

I clenched my fist in my exasperation and watched the approaching line of searchers. It was now light enough to see the white blur of each face but not to recognize the owner. I looked along the line from right to left and then back again. Suddenly the solution hit me and I laughed aloud. “Clever devil,” I said.

The captain looked startled. “What’s the matter, sir?”

“What a clever devil,” I repeated and then raised my voice. “All right, you men, halt where you are.” They halted. I turned to the captain. “Will you come with me? I am going to introduce you to our friend.”

The captain and I strolled along the line of searchers, pausing long enough to recognize each one. Eight, nine, ten. We were nearing the end of the line.

Eleven, twelve and – we halted and I put a hand on the last man’s shoulder. “Good morning, Van der Kieboom,” I said. He was the thirteenth man.

6

In the half light and the confusion he might have got away with it, if we had decided to call the search off. He could have brought up the rear of the party climbing the cliff path and then lain low until the cars departed. He was a clever, resolute man.

If it were not for the fact that exactly twelve men were chosen for the job and that my superstitiousness had caused me to remember this, I should not have counted them mentally as they approached in line through the gray dawn light. On such slender threads does a man’s life hang.

Van der Kieboom, Meyer and Waldberg were tried, sentenced to death and executed. It was the only case in the Second World War where trial and execution of three spies simultaneously were carried out. The fourth man, who turned King’s evidence, was kept in an English prison until the end of the war and then transferred to a Dutch prison. I have never heard what happened to him after that.

Van der Kieboom fought hard at his trial to save his life. He made a passionate plea that he was a misguided youth, led astray against his better judgement. He asked for one more chance – to enlist in the service of the Allies and be

sent to the front line, where a soldier's death might retrieve his honor in the eyes of the world, of his country and of his mother. But his plea was in vain.

He was a convinced and fanatical Nazi. In his last letter written to his mother on the eve of his execution he begged her forgiveness for the pain and sorrow of his death would cause her. "If only you hadn't known, Mother," he wrote, "then I would be the happiest and proudest of men in dying for the Great Cause and my Führer." In the will he drew up at the same time he directed his mother to sell his property, his camera and binoculars and all his prized possessions, and forward the proceeds to the German Red Cross if it were possible.

Yes, he was a fanatical Nazi and paid the supreme penalty. But he was also a cool and resourceful man who was captured only because one of the search party happened to be superstitious.

Memories of Montmartre by Julius Price

There were, of course, many cafes in Montmartre frequented by artists—the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle and the one on the Place Blanche, to mention only two where we used to go occasionally.

Alluding to these cafes reminds me of a very curious though perhaps amusing experience I had on one occasion. A charming lady (they were all charming in those days) had promised to lunch with me, and wrote to say she would meet me at the cafe on the Place Blanche at one o'clock. I was delighted, and got there ten minutes before the time so as not to keep her waiting. I ordered an aperitif, and not having read the paper that morning I called for the Figaro. Absorbed in my reading I did not notice the time; then suddenly I thought of it, and looked at my watch. It was half-past one. She was half an hour late; surely something must have happened to prevent her keeping the appointment. Quite suddenly it flashed through my mind as I looked around that our rendezvous was at the cafe on the Place Blanche, and that I was seated at the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle. How it came about I cannot explain, except that it must have been a fit of abstraction on my part.

In no time at all I had paid the waiter, and was running as fast as I could to the Place Blanche, a few hundred yards distant—but she was not there. When I got back to my room after lunch I found a note from her telling me she had waited for half an hour, and hoped there had been no misunderstanding as to the appointment. She was good-natured enough to forgive me, and lunched with me another day, when I explained the contretemps, putting it down, as

she said laughingly, to my temperament d'artiste. Not many women would have been so kind. At the opposite corner of the Place Pigalle was the Rat Mort, then a place of unpleasant repute even for Montmartre—as it had the reputation of being frequented only by ladies and gentlemen of certain proclivities. Still it gradually seemed to improve, and, the usual habitués migrating elsewhere, it then got to be known that they gave an excellent table d'hôte dinner with vin à discretion at 2.25, and it was by degrees taken up till at last one could actually be seen going in without any chaffing remarks being made after-wards; while it eventually also became a place where one sat outside and took one's coffee and so forth.

The life on the Place Pigalle was very interesting to watch from the *terrasse* of either of the cafés, especially of an evening before dinner; there was always a stream of petites *ouvrières* on their way home, and if it were at all muddy one would get a gratuitous display of dainty ankles.

I remember sitting with some pals out-side the Rat Mort one summer evening taking our aperitifs. It had been raining but had cleared up. We were in a larky sort of mood. Suddenly one of us exclaimed, “What a lovely leg that girl’s got crossing over there; if her face is anything to match she must be a real beauty.

“Well, it’s easily found out,” I remarked.

“How?”

“By going after her and having a look, of course,” I replied, making a movement as though I were about to do so; but at that moment the object of our curiosity turned round to avoid a passing cab, and revealed the most charming of faces and figures. She was indeed chic and attractive, and we all gave an exclamation of approval.

“You are so daring, Price,” said one of the chaps—“I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll bet you five francs you don’t go after her and bring her back to dinner.”

“I don’t like to encourage your extravagance,” I replied in the same vein. “but I’ll take on your bet all the same.”

“I’ll make it a bottle of wine as well, that you don’t even get her to speak to you.”

“Done with you,” I replied, and picking up my hat and stick I dashed across the road after the beautiful stranger. I felt that my reputation as a “blood” was at stake, so had no hesitation. — Just as she reached the opposite side of the Boulevard, and was walking up the Rue Houdon, I caught her up. I was breathless both with excitement and with hurrying. Without pausing I raised my hat and blurted out, “Pardon me, Mademoiselle, for speaking to you, but will you help me make a fortune?”

She stopped dead, and looked at me with astonishment, amazed for a moment at my impertinence in speaking to her, for she was evidently not the type of girl to be à la recherche d'une aventure.

“*Que me voulez-vous, Monsieur?*” she ejaculated; then noting perhaps that I was not an evil-looking ruffian, she added, “*Je ne vous connais pas.*”

But that in itself was sufficient; it only remained with me to start a conversation. In the distance I could see my friends at the café standing up, the better to watch developments. I had an inspiration which I flattered myself afterwards was a masterpiece.

“It's this way, Mademoiselle,” I said; “I am an artist and I am looking for a specially beautiful face for a picture I am going to paint, and as you passed I said to myself that if I could only persuade you to sit for me my fortune is made. So you can help me if you will; anyhow I offer you my apologies for venturing to accost you.”

It was bold introduction, but it caught on. Although she repeated, “*Mais je ne vous connais pas, Monsieur,*” I could see she was not really angry, now she knew my reason for stopping her; so one portion of the bet was already won—now for the other. But in these few minutes I had realized that she was no ordinary girl, such as one could meet any day in Montmartre; so I quickly made up my mind that if I could help it the adventure should not end so abruptly. The ice was now broken, so after some persuasion I got her to let me accompany her just a little way while I told her all about my picture—which needless to say had only just been evolved from my imagination.

I soon discovered, and to my surprise, while getting more and more friendly, for I had hoped for something different, that she was quite a respectable girl, living with her people in the Rue Lepic, and was employed as vendeuse at a big millinery establishment in the Rue Roy-ale. We strolled on for quite a long while getting more and more friendly, till she gradually threw off her reserve of manner and re-marked naively that anyone to see us would take us for old friends; and then I remembered the bet and felt almost ashamed of myself for having told her such a lot of fibs. When, how-ever, she said she must be getting home, and I then suggested her dining with me instead, she wouldn't hear of it for a moment. "*Une autre fois, peut-etre, mais pas ce soir,*" besides, she was expected home. After a deal of persuasion I managed to get her to give me an address where I could write her, and she promised to meet me another evening; then she hurried away.

When I got back to the café my friends had nearly finished dinner; they gave a roar of laughter when I appeared alone, and the one who had made the bet began to chaff me mildly. I pulled out a five-franc piece and handed it to him, saying, "You have won that part of the bet, old man, but I'll have the bottle of wine with you, at any rate." They started asking a lot of questions, but I refused to be drawn.

"Comme il est malin, ce vieux Price," they declared.

I wondered if they guessed the luck the bet had brought me. A few days later we met again, but not by accident this time, and I took her to a very quiet restaurant away from my artistic haunts; and we sat right in a corner in case

anyone should happen to come in who knew her at home, and we had a simple little dinner which she chose herself—and then I told her all about the bet and she wasn't the least bit angry, but laughed heartily and said, “On m'a toujours dit que les Anglais sont monotones, mais vous no l'etes pas au moins.” Then we strolled back through quiet streets in quite spoony fashion, and I snatched an occasional kiss in dark doorways; and it was very nice and all that—but it wasn't a bit what I had expected, for she had to get in early unless she was going to a theatre, she told me. One evening, “when her parents knew me,” she would perhaps be allowed to stay out later. We had a very peaceful, pleasant evening, and I promised to write and fix another appointment; but on thinking it all over afterwards I came to the conclusion that it would be better for us both not to meet again — so I didn't write.

Next door to the Rat Mort on the Place Pigalle an artist's house, I think it was Stevens, with studio and garden, had just been bought by some enterprising restauranteur who had conceived the original idea of turning it all into a high-class restaurant; so one lunched or dined in the salle à manger and the salon and the big studio upstairs, while during the summer it was pleasant to take one's coffee under the tree in the garden which overlooked the Place. To this new place was given the artistic and resounding appellation of the Abbaye de Théléme. The prices were just a trifle higher than elsewhere in the neighborhood, but very moderate considering.

Montmartre in those days was a very different place to what it later became. The Moulin Rouge was not dreamed of. The chief place of amusement was the Elysée Montmartre, a dancing hall on the Boulevard Rochechouart, where

all the smartest and fastest girls and the artists' models were to be found. Everybody used to go there, and it was quite the only thing to do on Saturday and Sunday nights during the winter. One was pretty sure to find an "aventure" there also if one was looking for one. On Sundays, in the afternoon, there was dancing up at the Moulin de la Galette, a quaint ramshackle old place on the heights of Montmartre.

This was a picturesque spot close to the fortifications, on the top of a steep hill. It was almost rural in its seclusion, and was more like a corner in a small provincial town than a portion of busy Paris; the view one obtained from the terrace alone was worth the arduous climb up the ill-paved streets to reach it, and many people went up only for this, and with no intention of dancing. The ballroom was very primitive, as it had evidently been a big barn originally, and there was no pretence at all at luxury about it or the gardens surrounding it. Close by was the battered ruin of an old mill, from which it got its name. Here the crowd was of a very rough description; though one often met artists up there, it was not at all artistic. One was charged a small sum for each dance, and a man used to collect this during the dances. There were always a lot of pretty girls there, but it was a somewhat risky thing to ask anyone you didn't know to dance with you, as it was more than probable her "macquereau" was close by, and he and his pals might set on you when you got outside. This was constantly happening, as there was never more than one policeman on duty in the hall. Artists would go up there to look for a pretty model, and have a very bad time if they went up alone and were too venturesome.

Although it was the artists' quarter it was also a hot-bed of vice. The whole of the district round where I lived was full of women and their *souteneurs*, and in the Rue Breda on a warm summer evening one would see dozens of them hanging out of their windows in the scantiest of attire, and they would often beckon one to come up. There was, however, no necessity to go out of one's way to look up at the windows for such adventures if one were so minded, as the streets of the *Quartier de Notre Dame de Lorette* fairly reeked with cocottes, and they were to be seen everywhere—gorgeously dressed in the latest of fashion and painted up to their eyes. There were any number of brasseries and cafés which were crowded with them of a night—where one saw every possible grade of frail sisterhood.

I shall never forget my first impressions of one of these places. It was close on daybreak. In the hot, fetid atmosphere, reeking with musk and the fumes of stale tobacco smoke, the crowd of wanton women with their painted and powdered faces and tawdry finery appeared almost inhuman. I remember that on looking round I wondered what attraction, sensually or otherwise, these bedizened trollops could possibly present, even to the most drunken debauchee, for most of them were quite middle aged, and I did not see one with any pretension to good-looks. There were very few men in the cafe, and the women sat at the tables in gloomy silence, for time was getting on and soon the place would be closing, and then naught would remain but to make their way wearily to the all-night houses near the *Halles Centrales*, the last hope of the Paris street-walker. It was indeed a picture of the under-world of a great city. There were also not a few places in the neighborhood which enjoyed a peculiar notoriety distinctly Parisian, where the sterner sex were

seldom to be seen. In fact so notorious was the district that I often wondered if any respectable female really lived in it. The artists' colony adjourned, and in places overlapped it — whether by accident or design one can only surmise; anyhow, one would find studios in all the streets around the Place Pigalle—while along the Boulevard there seemed to be one in every house, judging from the immense windows facing north; in fact some houses consisted only of studios. The frame-makers and color merchants apparently thrived well in this quarter, for there were numbers of them. Artists' models, mostly Italians, male and female, used to loiter about the centre of the Place Pigalle waiting for a job—and with their picturesque costumes imparted a bright welcome note of color on a sunny morning.

The studio district later crept right up the heights of Montmartre—but I am only concerned with the part where I lived at that time, and which was the original colony — the Boulevard Rochechouart, the Boulevard de Clichy, and some of the neighboring streets.

No description of the quarter would be complete without some mention of the famous *Cabaret du Chat Noir* which had just been opened in the *Rue de Laval* by the artist, poet, and writer, Rodolphe Salis. Originally started on the Boulevard Rochechouart in 1881, in a modest shop which served as studio for Salis, it became the rendezvous of all the eccentric artists, poets, musicians, and writers of Montmartre, who gave full vent to the most revolutionary theories in their work, while ostensibly drinking the comparatively harmless beer of France. These reunions gradually became talked about and other people outside the little set were attracted to the place.

The growing éclat of the coterie decided Salis to transform his studio into an artistic cabaret. The walls were plentifully adorned with old tapestry and other quaint decorations and paintings, as well as with busts of the original members. A magnificent black cat, which had served as model to several artists, was the *ori flamme* of the little establishment which henceforth blazoned out under the sonorous appellation of “*L’Institut*” (a skit on the famous temple of Science and Art of Paris), and where only those who made their living by their intellect were eligible as members. The vogue of the place spread among the artists and writers away from Montmartre, and it became generally known as the “Chat Noir.” The artistic soirées of Salis began to be talked about; the tickets of invitation to these gatherings were eagerly sought after, till at length the modest ci-devant shop became too small to contain all those who wished to be present.

In the face of such extraordinary success, Salis decided to move the “Institut” to more important and convenient premises in the Rue de Laval in 1885. The removal of the cabaret from its old quarters was made in the most original and fantastic style—as might have been expected from so many fertile brains. At eleven at night a remarkable and picturesque procession was formed, and to the accompaniment of weird music the members marched through the streets with their bag and baggage to their “new home;” while the most curious spectacle that had ever been offered to Montmartre. The festivity in connection with the removal of the “Chat Noir” continued late in the night, and some of the younger and more boisterous of the followers of Salis were so carried away by the exuberance of their spirits that they started playing

pranks outside the cabaret, which might have landed them in trouble. As it was, they only escaped through a fortuitous circumstance which was quite amusing in itself.

About two in the morning half a dozen or so of young fellows, my cousin Jephson among them, after all sorts of hare-brained escapades, started scaling lamp-posts and turning out the gas. They were thus merrily engaged when some *sergeants de ville* suddenly appeared on the scene, arrested them all, and conveyed them to the nearest poste de police, where they were brought before the officer on a charge of riotous behaviour. Though doubtless accustomed to such boyish pranks on the part of artists and students, he assumed a very grave air, expatiated on the heinousness of their conduct, and told them to their astonishment that they would have to prove their identity; also that unless they could find bail he would not let them out till they had seen the Commissaire the following day.

Here was a pretty ending to a night's amusement; but there was no help for it, since he refused to regard it all as a harmless joke, so they began producing letters and cards to prove their respectability. Jephson alone had neither a card nor a letter on him—but in searching his pockets he came across a “spoof” letter that a facetious London friend had posted in his rooms in the Rue St. Georges that day. It was addressed thus: “To the Right Honourable Lord Sir Charles Jepson, Esquire, N. B. R. S. V. P., etc., dans son Hotel de St. Georges—a Paris.”

In a spirit of banter he handed the envelope to the official, who read it attentively. The effect produced was astounding; he rose from his chair and with an obsequious bow assured Jephson that he would accept his assurance that he and all his friends would attend before the Commissaire when ordered to do so—or words to that effect. So they all trooped out of the station again, and curiously enough they heard no more of the affair; which perhaps proved that even in a Republican country like France a high-sounding title carried weight.

The success of the “*Chat Noir*” brought about extraordinary changes, not only in the life of Montmartre but in the world of entertainment generally. Shortly there were imitation “*Chat Noirs*” all over the district, and then the rage extended to the Grande Boulevards and beyond. Still others followed—in all of which the original conception of Salis could be treated—namely, to give scope to eccentric genius and original thought—with the result that a new school of decoration sprang up, which gradually ousted timeworn academic methods, and which even now holds its own.

The Philosopher who Philosophizes by Henry Miller

As a species the philosophers have always bored me to death. The profession has always seemed to me to be an unnatural one, an activity removed from life. (This is a criticism which does not come to my head, for example, when thinking of a Hindu or a Tibetan sage.) At the same time philosophy itself excites me, much as good wine does: I accept it not only as a legitimate part of life but as a *sine qua non*, a without which no life. Nothing, however, is sadder, more dismal, dingy, mingy, picayune than the lives of certain philosophers. It is as if they had become, or rebecome, queasy, quaky, archaic little men whose whole lives are mortgaged by the obsession for constructing miniature soul-houses to be occupied only after death. The man can be one thing, a tiny louse, let us say, and the philosophy another, perhaps a crushing, devastating world conception which nobody can swallow, not even the philosopher himself. The process of refining and segregating Idea, of making it "pure," so to speak, inevitably brings about a muddiness which is fortunately lacking in the original chaos. I have a mental image of the philosophic systems of the world lying like a net above the surface of human activity; from his remote and lofty perch the philosopher looks down through the curd-like net and discovers in the affairs of men nothing but dreck.

All this is not by way of saying that Keyserling is the first philosopher whom I can stomach. No, there are times when Keyserling too bores me to death. But with Keyserling there comes a new element, an heroic and adulterative one which, like the discovery of the microbe world in the human organism, stimulates and complicates the problem of health and clarity. Keyserling is

the first philosopher to use a sky-light—or a periscope. He may plunge as deep as the whale but he never forgets the sky above, nor the fact that it is the sky towards which men are turning instinctively for relief and assuagement. Keyserling comes at a time when both sea and sky are being heavily explored. He is the new type of spiritual adventurer, the Plutonic heralder who faces both ways, who is at home above and below, who reconciles East and West and yet never loses hold of the tiller. Built like a Viking, with an unquenchable fire in his guts and a pantheon for a brain, he has dedicated his life to quest and conquest. For me he represents the genuine metamorphic thinker, one capable of navigating in any medium. He is endowed with an indestructible skeletal structure and a crystalline transparency usually observable only in lower forms of life.

I first came upon Keyserling's vast symphonic musings at a fortuitous moment in my life. For forty years I had been sound asleep and thrashing about with furious activity. Life had become nothing but this noisy breathing which signifies nothing. Through a rencontre with an extraordinary person I suddenly awoke, looked about, and saw what I had never seen before—the cosmos. And then, right to hand, was one of Keyserling's books — *Creative Understanding* — which I devoured ravenously. It was like the first mouthful of bread after a long fast; even the hard, tough crust tasted good. I allowed this food to roll about in my guts a long while before venturing to taste another morsel. The next time I picked up Keyserling, I remember, was during a sea voyage. This time it was *The Travel Diary*. I did not begin at the beginning, but glanced here and there at the chapters dealing with those countries which most interest me — China and India. I saw the philosopher in his undershirt,

a frail weatherbeaten man, puzzled, ravished, perplexed, roving amidst a fauna and flora which were constantly changing and shifting; I saw that he was most extraordinarily fallible, permeable, malleable. I rejoiced for him, and even enjoyed his occasional discomfiture.

Another time, in bed, I began the great South American saga of the soul. I was privileged to experience that indescribable pleasure of being electrified in the midst of a heavy torpor. The whole cosmos suddenly began to wheel before me. I felt the blood which the earth has given to man restored to earth to run in tumultuous subterranean rivers, to flow sluggishly among the constellations, to burst the trunks of fat tropical trees, to dry and bake in the peaked Andes, to slumber in the land-and-water beasts, the shell-backed monsters, the hypnotic and fatalistic ophidians: I saw a man take a continent by the scalp and wash it in the sea, shaking loose its hair-like dreams and silences, laying its blood out in thick slabs and dissecting it, selecting with a most dexterous digital manipulation its fragile, doomed inhabitants one by one, group by group, race by race, generation by generation, the whole multimillenary ancestral horde living and dead, ghastly and ghostly, full-blown, fly-blown, scoriated, striated, truncated, pulped, battered, a rich plasma of dead and living, of souls, ghosts, mummies, spirits, noumena, phenomena, succubi, incubi, and plough them through with the iron harrow of thought's brutal logic; then taking gold and dross together, with the goldsmith's finest balance, weigh, assay, test and attest, in order, like a dreaming Titan, to set moving in the sleep of thought a timeward litter of words which would arrange itself in the form of a significant whole. This I glimpsed whilst felling asleep one night, and it was a special dress rehearsal

put on for me by the same gaunt Viking in swallow-tail coat who prefers champagne with his evening meal, who gesticulates like a god of thunder, who strokes his beard meditatively and sits alone sometimes, oft times, to reflect, meditate and pray, or to gather back into him the vast sperm and spew which he is capable of ejecting on the slightest provocation.

Such an experience is definitely not in the philosophic scheme of things. I had to recast my notion of “philosopher.” I had to take the situation philosophically. I had to admit, above all, that for the first time in my life I was witnessing a philosopher lose himself in the world—not only lose himself, but drown himself, and not only drown, but immolate himself: had to confess that more miraculous still was the sight of him rising from the grave with the stake through his body, the sight of him defiantly flinging it off—stake, world, water, waves, heavy ether, soporific excrescences, end dreams, blood vistas, horoscopic hallucinations, dead thought clinkers, social pus habits, all, all, the while making an airy music above in the pink clouds drenching the mountain top. Nor was I any longer surprised when I heard him blow the conch and roll the kettle drum, nor when whooping it up along the Appalachian spine he suddenly burst into the Rig-Veda.

This is what I call philosophizing. It is something other than making philosophy—something plus. Here the creative becomes the thing-in-itself, and not vice versa: the exercise of a faculty and not the product of the exercise. Living the every-day life whilst spinning the most tenuous tough web. Not the soul-house of incarceration but the light-meshed web of the divine diaphane. In this transparent garb studded with dead flies, dead thought matter, dead

meteoric systems, dead mouse-traps, dead passkeys, we advance page after page, foot by foot, millimeter by millimeter, through the Keyserling underworld sea. At times we are lifted clean out of the waters and rushed aloft like a screaming condor. The world systems pass in review, those already formulated and those not yet formulated. With myriad-minded mythological eye we pierce the stale imperfections that cement life to life and death to death. We become habituated to all climates, all conditions of weather, all forms of blight, pestilence, sorrow and suffering; we peregrinate in non-peripatetic style, eschewing the perimeter, the axes, the hypotenuse, avoiding angles, squares, triangles: instead we adopt the lymphatic slide, follow the interstitial, interstellar parabolas. In the deep-holed world conceptions scattered between star births and star deaths we shimmer with spangled webs, radiant, dewy, misty, effulgent with philosophic dust. Where now the god who was nailed to the cross? Where the man with the lantern? Where the ferryman, the fire-eater, the logos dealer, the lotus healer, the Gorgon, the flat-footed Moloch? What has become of man, mollusc of molluscs?

Keyserling's style . . . there is something prehistoric about it. Of a morning he awakes in a volcanic mood, and he erupts. What is terrifying and unbearable, in his style, is not the heavy Baltic or Pomeranian redundancy, but the inundating effect. We are enlightened, blessed, baptized and drowned. There is every variety of inundation—by air, fire, earth and water, by lava, slag, cinders, by relics, monuments, symbols, signs and portents. The very secrets of the earth are belched forth and with them the scintillating pre-diluvial records of man. Throughout the convulsive record there are pages of oceanic calm in which one can hear the breathing of whales and other leviathans of

the deep; there are celestial sunrises too, as on the morning of creation when even the fledgling lark can be heard caroling in the blue. And there are great frozen tracts in which the air itself turns blue as a knuckle and the marrow of wisdom is held in icy suspense.

Keyserling is a sort of red-feathered giant from the tundras, a megalithic Mameluke of the Lemurian Age who has created his own polyphonetic, polyphylacteric alphabet. His language is something forged by hand out of meteoric rock; there is no sensuality, no humor in it. It contains the seeds of all that was dreamed of by man in the cataclysmic beginnings of the world: it is not a blood language but a schist-cyst-and-quartz medium. And yet, like all those of royal strain, he is capable of showing tenderness, humility, true humility. He will take the pains, in a letter, to answer a microscopic point, if the point is worth answering. He will begin on a post-card and end by presenting you with an album. With the superabundant energy of a colossus he will uncover a ton of debris in order to bring to light an infinitesimal speck of radium with which to illumine the question. He does not impose his verdict; he turns his searchlight on the problem. He is a visionary of heavy substance, a seer who looks into the bowels of the earth as well as into the blue. He is equipped with the most sensitive antennae and the boring tusk of a rhinoceros to boot.

The ordinary reader is killed off—not by the back-breaking *longueurs* à la Proust or Henry James, nor by the learned abracadabra of a Joyce, but by the unaccustomed variety of media through which the muscular flow of thought cleaves and surges. People have accused him of being derivative, assimilative,

synthetic. The truth is that he is analgesic and amalgamatic. As the thought flows it congeals, imprisoning in the most marvelous veined clots the hemorrhages produced by the terrifying lesions which his impetuous ardor opens up. He is a thinker who attacks with the whole body, who emerges at the end of a book bleeding from every pore. With Keyserling the spirit goes berserker. It is the rage of the giants who, weary of earthly conquests, flung themselves at the heavens. He makes a blood marriage with the spirit: Apis the Bull goring the Holy Ghost in ecstasy. Sometimes it seems more like God lying down on the operating table with his adopted son Hermann and exchanging vital fluids: a last minute operation in preparation for the final ordeal, the quest and conquest of death.

{essay written in Corfu on the occasion of Keyserling's 60th birthday, 1940}

Pictorial: Henry Miller by Brassai



Henry Miller, 1932

Poetry From the Past

Six Poems by Albert D. Watson (1859 – 1926)

The Comet

Spectral, mysterious, flame-like thing
Cleaving the western night,
Waking from chrysalis-dream to fling
Out of thy spirit's long chastening
Far-flashing streams of light.

Tell us thy thought of the things that are;
How doth the morning sing?
What hast thou seen in the worlds afar ?
Tell us thy dream, O thou silvery star.
Bird with the white-flame wing.

What though the glow of thy fading ray
Dim and elusive seem.
Constant thou art to the sun's bright sway
Faithful and true in thy tireless way.
True in thy spectral gleam.

Rising anew from thine ancient pyre.
Vapour and dust thy frame,
Still art thou Psyche, the soul's desire.
Wingless, save when from reefs of fire

Mounting in shaft of flame.

God and Man

God is eternity, the sky, the sea.
The consciousness of universal space,
The source of energy and living grace.
Of life and light, of love and destiny,
God is that deep, ethereal ocean, free,
Whose billows keep their wide unbarriered place
Amid the stars that move before His face
In robes of hurricane and harmony.

A light that twinkles in a distant star,
A wave of ocean surging on the shore.
One substance with the sea; a wing to soar
Forever onward to the peaks afar,
A soul to love, a mind to learn God's plan,
A child of the eternal—such is man.

The Sacrament

The World was build'd out of flame and storm.
The oak, blast-beaten on the hills, stands forth,
Stalwart and strong. The ore is broken, crushed
And sifted in the fiery crucible;

The remnant is pure gold. Brave hearts must dare
The billowy surge beneath the stern white stars
To net the finny harvests of the sea.
No boon is won, but some true hero dies.

Therefore is every gift a sacrament.
And every service is a holy thing —
Not unto him whose filthy pence unearned
The treasure buys, but to the one who takes
The gift with reverence from that unknown
Who went forth brave and strong, came broken back,
But won for us a rare and priceless pearl.

Dream-Valley

I know a vale where the oriole swings
Her nest to the breeze and the sky,
The iris opens her petal wing's
And a brooklet ripples by;
In the far blue is a cloud-drift,
And the witch-tree dresses,
With a rare charm in the warm light,
Her long dream-tresses.
But yestermorn—or was it a dream?
When daisies were drinking the dew,
I wandered down by the little stream,

And who was there but you?
Though nature smiled with the old joy
To the boldest comer,
It was your voice and the wild-bird's
Were the soul of summer.
When bowed with the toils of many years,
I would rest, if it be Love's will.
In a vale where the bird songs to my ears
Come floating across the hill.
With the sweet breath of the June air
And the purple clover.
And the lone dream of the old love.
And the blue skies over.

The Lily

Emblem of beauty and sorrow.
Twine with each wistful to-morrow
The past with its memories teeming
And all its dear innocent dreaming.
Go thou, O Lily, and o'er her cast
The drifting breath of the wind-swept hills;;
Sing her the music of forest rills;
Whisper a dream of the sacred past;
Lie on her heart till the angels wake
Her deathless love for the old time's sake.

Still to that love I am turning
Though beyond reach of my yearning;
And never the vision shall vanish
Nor time nor eternity banish
That dream so splendid of love and tears
That still transfigures the lonely years.
Go, Lily, go with my love and lie
Close to her heart and never die;
To her with my love I bequeath you,
Fair as the glow of the golden sky
When twilight falls and the breezes sigh,
Sweet as the bosom beneath you,
Pure as the dew on the glistening sod.
White as the snowflake, perfect as God.

A Prayer

O thou whose finger-tips.
From out the unveiled universe around.
Can touch my human lips
With harmonies beyond the range of sound;

Whose living word.
All vital truth revealing,
My soul hath stirred
To raptures holy, comforting and healing;

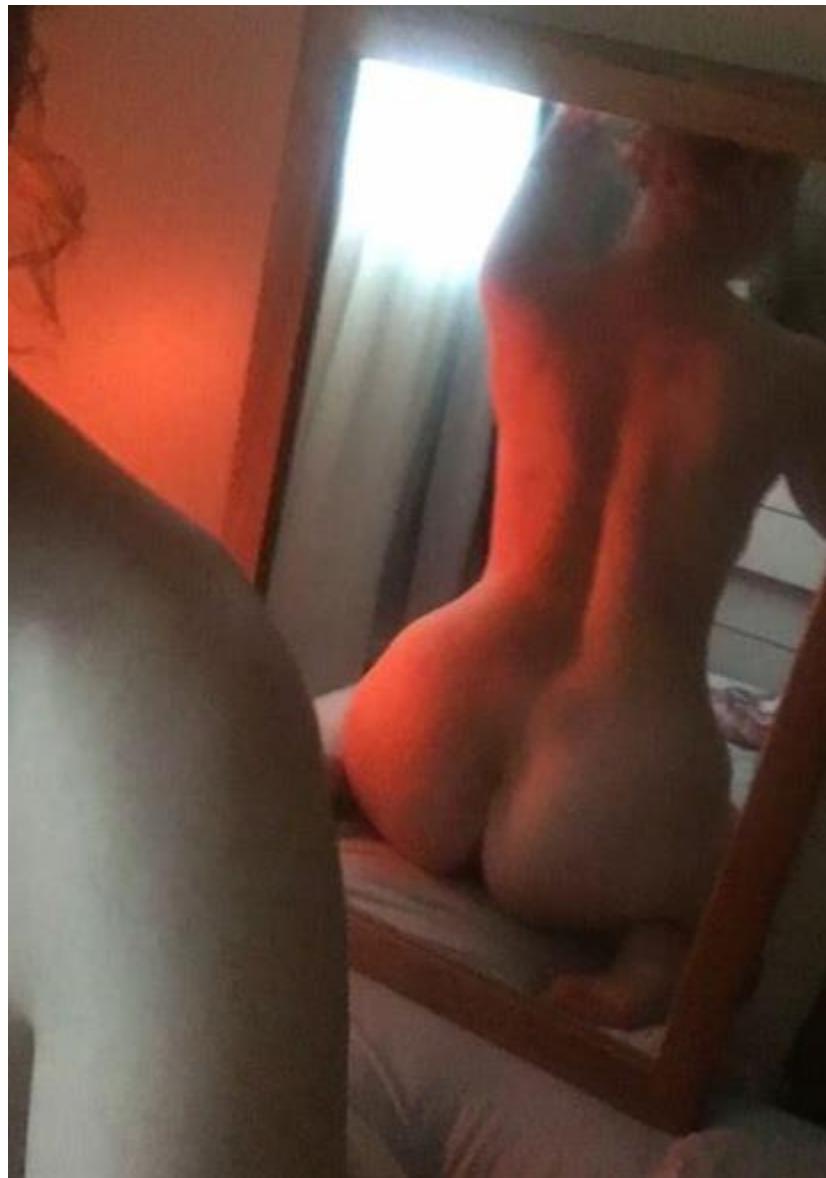
Beneath, around, above.
Breathe on me atmospheres
Of universal Love —
The music of the timeless years;

Upon my soul,
Pour vast eternities of might,
Up through my being roll
Deep seas of light
To urge me onward to the Goal,
The Infinite, the Whole.

You by Robert Garland

No matter where I go, you go with me;
You walk beside me morning, noon and night,
You are beside me in my little room,
Your hand upon my shoulder, cool and calm:
You're always with me—God be praised for that! —
And as I pen this worthless wordy thing
You hover over me;
I hear the hurried intake of your breath,
I glimpse your tender, understanding smile,
I thrill beneath your fleeting, fond caress,
And, in a flash, you drive my doubts away
And once more give me faith in my poor self.

Pictorial: A Unique Selfie



On the Beach by Edna Gay

Oh, how they loiter,

How they saunter,

How they linger

On the beach

The pretty misses,

Smiling maidens,

Flirting damsels

On the beach

How they captivate,

Chari and fascinate,

How they seek a mate

On the beach

Some Saucy Limericks by a nony mous

Mabel and her Fair Skin

There was a young lady named Ware-skin
Who had an exceedingly fair skin;
When they said to her,
“Mabel, You look sweet in sable,”
She replied, “I look better in bear skin.”

When Noah Completed His ark

When Noah completed his ark
The beasts all made haste to embark
For a free ocean trip
On a seaworthy ship
Appealed to them all as a lark

I Just Couldn't Help Myself

“What do you mean
by kissing me?
“I just couldn't
help myself.
“But you just did!”

Novella: Swedish Cheesecake by Constance Tomkinson

excerpt from Les Girls

In my dreams the Cabarethallen was a marble edifice with tiers of boxes, layers of galleries and clusters of chandeliers. In reality' it was a simple wooden building painted pink. From the outside it was hardly recognizable as a theater and inside it had the simplicity of a public hall. It was set in the middle of the Liseberg. This summer amusement center was not of the peanuts and popcorn variety but a beautiful pleasure garden, typically Scandinavian, with huge flower beds, statues and fountains. There were elegant restaurants of attractive modern design and a cheap one, a replica of a Tyrolean inn, which resembled a large cuckoo clock. Records were replayed all day on the amplifier - classical, semiclassical - and occasionally the Swedish star Zaruh Leander sang in her haunting voice the popular German song "*Ich habe vielleicht noch nicht geliebt.*"

I wondered what the Millerettes looked like from out front, and I only had to wait two days before my curiosity was satisfied. I had never mastered spins. "It's simple," my teacher used to say in class. "Just pick a point and jerk your head to look at the same point." But I could not resist peeking on the way round. I would become giddy after a couple of turns, but on stage in our ersatz Viennese waltz I had to go on spinning like a top - a top slowly running down. "If I could only reverse," I kept thinking, "I'd be all right." But if I had, I would have run into the other fifteen, who were hard on my tail. They were revolving expertly, a whirling mass of pink, but with every turn I became shakier. The faces in the audience were swimming as I reeled stage-right towards a gap in

the footlights. Suddenly I was in mid-air and sinking fast. With a muffled thud and a faint tinkle of cymbals I landed on the bass drum. The drummer, muttering Swedish curses, untangled me from the cymbals, pulled me off the drum, propped me up with his right hand and went on drumming with his left.

I lay dazed in the orchestra pit for a moment – the strains of "The Merry Widow" dinning in my ears. I tentatively waggled an arm and then a leg; nothing seemed to be broken. When I opened my eyes the steep rake of the stage and the shallow orchestra pit gave me a glimpse of the girls in action. "My God!" I thought. "It's as bad as a concert party on Wigan Pier." The show was being done on a shoestring and it looked it. The waltz dresses, which Mr. Miller assured us looked like satin under lights, continued to look like sateen. I tried to see the girls as if I were a stranger. Most of them were extremely young, some pretty, some not. The make-up concealed their usual theatrical pallor, but it could not hide the fact that most of them were thin and narrow across the shoulders.

I struggled to my knees for a better view of the chorus. My heart warmed to them; it was impossible to see them for long with a cold, calculating eye. They were my friends. "Perhaps they aren't very good," I whispered to the drummer, who did not understand English, "but you've got to hand it to them. They're in there pitching - every inch of the way." The heavy breathing and beads of perspiration were proof of that. Here and there a personality shone out: Pat, with her bright red hair, and Sally, with her blonde curls, had style. Beside the others, their dancing seemed effortless.

I looked down to the end of the line. There was Mary, a tall Lancashire lass. Too near for the balance of the line was Glynis, a mere five feet. It was Glynis who had appeared at the audition in rompers looking as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but first impressions can be misleading. Here she was, wielding a wicked eye and injecting sex appeal even into the waltz.

As I peered over the drummer's shoulder a patch of bare skin caught my eye. It belonged to Angela, who, being chubby, could never quite zip her costume up the side" Angela was a lady, and with every gesture she was making that clear to the audience. I followed her movements across the stage. She showed her ballet training. Angela had studied with Madame Rambert. This was socially acceptable; it was after she left the classes in Notting Hill Gate that she started to slip.

As the music wound to a close with a roll of drums in my ear, the girls formed a circle, spreading out their pink petal skirts to form a rose. That was the way the number had started and should have ended - except that one of the petals had fallen.

Immediately the curtains closed, the anxious face of Mr. Miller appeared through a door under the stage. He crept towards me on his hands and knees to avoid being seen by the patrons.

"Broken anything?" he whispered.

"No," I said uncertainly.

"Can you stand?"

"I think so."

His face relaxed. "Come on! You'll be late for the next number." He half dragged me out of the orchestra pit and under the stage.

"What happened?" he asked, as he rushed me along

He sniffed. "You haven't been drinking?"

As we reached the top of the stairs I saw Anton and Vladimir, members of the strong-arm act "Riette and the Romaine Brothers," solemnly exercising themselves. They were White Russians, posing as an English act, traveling on Argentinian passports, and speaking mostly French. They were warm-blooded creatures, and took every opportunity of dallying with the girls - any girl, they were not particular. But there was one small obstacle in their way. Riette did not approve of their frittering away their substance on women, and those two great hulking men were terrified of the blonde wisp they tossed so casually about the stage. It was a game doomed from the start, but they never lost hope.

Mr. Miller, knowing their weakness, tried to steer me past, but we were stopped. They turned towards me, their eyes swimming with sympathy. "You have had the accident?" asked Anton, putting his arm around me. "It was terrible crash. You are broken? Yes?"

"Oh, no!" I said casually. "I just slipped."

"She slipped!" Vladimir said mournfully, stroking my arm.

"That can be bad thing." Anton gave me an affectionate squeeze.

Mr. Miller was anxious to extricate me, but as these two towered over him, he did not wish to appear abrupt. He smiled uncertainly. "She's got a quick change, boys," he said, trying to cut short their tender inquiries. They turned on him menacingly. "You do not ask this poor person to go on after she slips," said Vladimir.

"You are not human, man ..." Anton was interrupted by the shrill voice of Riette. "Vladimir! Anton! Venez ici!" They vanished in the middle of a sentence.

In the dressing room there were anxious queries, but the tune changed when they knew I was all right.

"Trying to break your bloody neck, were you? Taking the easy way out," Pat remarked, diving into her toy-soldier tunic.

"Did she fall, or was she pushed?" asked Mary, adjusting her tin hat.

The costumes into which they were hurriedly changing were not new. They had displayed the charms of platoons of Millerettes before our time, and by now the poor toy soldiers looked as if they had suffered some rough treatment in the nursery. The costumes were on the generous side, and I being slight, mine hung on me like a sack. When I first put this uniform on, the shorts, which were intended to be saucy, if not downright racy, sagged to my knees; the epaulettes were nearer to my elbows than my shoulders. Pleats and gussets could not conceal that this particular toy soldier had lost most of his stuffing.

Winding a stocking around my head to anchor my hat, I contemplated the next number with distaste. It opened with a great roll of drums - and we were off. The choreography was erratic: at times we would move with stiff arms and stiff legs like toy soldiers, then quite out of character we would burst into a spurt of loose-limbed tap, jiggling about like puppets on strings' One false step in this quick-moving number could create chaos. In forming our stiff-legged fours, if I stiff-legged it to the left instead of the right, I would tangle myself up in another set of fours. If I took a wrong turning, I would come face to face with somebody going the right way; but worst of all, if I did not get in the right place on the right beat, I might get a sharp hick from behind.

I felt safer in the opening number, which was intended to get the show off to a rollicking start with a gay display of leg. We entered sideways with arms twined round each other's waists traveling with a half kick, a full kick and a half kick again. Shoulder to shoulder we became telepathic. I could guess what the others were going to do, and if I flagged, there was somebody on each side to hold me up.

It was in the finale - described by Angela as "sheer unadulterated corn" - that I unexpectedly shone. We bounded on with toothpaste-advertisement smiles. We were coy and girlish, wagging our fingers saucily at the audience and flouncing our little bustles in their faces.

With every movement we were projecting, "Aren't we happy? Wouldn't you like to know us, you delightful people, and I mean you, *yes*, you," We made our exit, I blush to admit, throwing kisses at the audience. The girls were most complimentary about my efforts in this number - they thought that this was where my real talents lay. But my pleasure in this small success was spoiled by twinges of conscience. Martha Graham did not stoop to her public; here was I bent double in an effort to bewitch. A small shudder used to go down my spine: "Whatever would dear Martha say, if she could see me now?" To reassure myself, I would reply, "She wouldn't want you to starve - well, not for long, anyway," but I never entirely convinced myself.

At first I had thought the girls rather pathetic, but I was wrong. They were full of spirit and as cheerful as London sparrows" Many came from poorish families who had scraped together the necessary shillings to send them to dancing class, and now that they were earning they were dutifully sending home a pound a week. If they had aspirations, these were carefully concealed; I soon learned that the remark, "She's ambitious. She'll get on," was highly derogatory. It was protective, for few had talent. This was an attitude foreign to me, and I was careful to hide my own ambitions, which occupied the greater part of my interior. I worked hard to make my taps as clear and precise as Pat's

and Sally's, and constantly nagged them to teach me some as yet unmastered step.

As a group, the girls were respectable - less from moral reasons than a fear that once on the skids you couldn't tell where you might end. But they never sat in judgment on their friends. If you wanted to be a casual sleeper, it was all right with them, but it was a rather-you-than-me-dear attitude. Firmly in their minds was Mum's advice - "A girl's best friend is her virtue."

They might like Sweden -- once they returned home - but now they were homesick for Mum and Dad, fish and chips and the semidetached villa in Shepherd's Bush or Tooting. Gothenburg was too dull, the Liseberg too rarefied for their tastes. It was a poor substitute for the jollifications of Blackpool with its friendly crowds and vulgar fun. In the wonderful Swedish climate with its clear bright sun, they pined for some of their own erratic weather. One of them said to me wistfully, "Doesn't it ever rain here?"

The girls quickly formed attachments and separated into groups of twos and threes. Glynis and Mary had become friends. One was tall and one short; Mary spoken a soft north-country drawl and Glynis in the lilting tones of the Welsh; but their personalities were far more incongruous. Mary was highly respectable - the same could not be said of Glynis. She never told us what she was up to, and we hardly dared guess! but nightly as her wardrobe grew fatter, the margin of doubt grew thinner. Every evening she was picked up at the stage door by affluent Swedes - known to us as her Provident Society. We never discovered how and where she acquired them, but one was always there.

The company was an ideal base for her operations, and she was no mean operator. You might not approve of Glynis, but you could not dislike her – she was too amusing. She and Mary thought of themselves as members of the exclusive West End Club -- not members in such high standing as par and Sally, but they had been in a West End show once, and that could never be taken from them.

Angela and I managed to attach ourselves to the club – making what we hoped was A Sophisticated Six. We were the ones who benefited from Glynis' booty. Our dressing room was full of flowers, and we lived on expensive chocolates and luscious imported fruit. Glynis was a generous giver, but we were not gracious receivers. There was more than one ungrateful remark as we devoured her largess. Pat's despairing cry expressed our feelings: "Not chocolates again! What's wrong with a veal and ham pie ?" We felt it was only right that Glynis should feed us, for it was because of her that we were unable to feed ourselves. The small pension where the others were living modestly was not for Glynis. She had installed us in one of the best hotels in the town, which, even with special rates for "pros," was far too grand for our pockets.

The attitude of the Sophisticates to the others was kindly but condescending. Giynis commented, "They absolutely shriek Aker Streer, poor darlings." I realized that this must be damning, but what did it mean? Glynis was staggered at my ignorance.

"Haven't you ever played Manchester?"

"No," I said apologetically.

"Well, don't. It's a street there full of theatrical 'digs.'"

"What's wrong with that?" I ventured.

"They're the end. Dark, antimacassary and smelling of stewed cabbage."

"Oh, I see."

"I don't think you do, dear," said Glynis patiently, "but let it pass - let it Pass."

Angela knew that the Sophisticates were not ladies, but as they came from the aristocracy of the chorus-girl world, she was prepared to overlook it. The others were grouped in her mind as the underprivileged' I found it difficult to understand the shades of social difference which were so clear to Angela. I was aware that they did not possess Mayfair accents, but they would have to add and subtract a few aitches for me to notice anything amiss. I did not appreciate what worlds lay between Angela's blasé "Thank you, so much," and the others' warm "Ta"" and "Thanks, ever so." It was tedious for Angela to have to tell me her family were well connected, but she made the effort.

Angela's snobbery, her only failing, was not wearing ;once she had established her point, she coasted. Feeling the responsibilities of her class towards those who had not had her advantages, she would inquire kindly if they were happy

in their pension and if they had heard from home. Angela was as out of place as I in this outfit, but her reasons for joining it were equally sound' She had come to Sweden to escape the boredom of life in a Surrey vicarage. The Church was well represented on this tour. My father was a minister in the United Church of Canada. Because we had this common bond, Angela accepted me as an equal. But our first meetings had not been auspicious. Angela, who knew the value of a prop, had arrived at rehearsals with a neatly folded copy of *The Times*. I read it eagerly in the breaks. Eventually she was goaded into saying, "I see you like *The Times*. It's on sale, you know." I knew this. I also knew it cost two pence. Such an expenditure would have unbalanced my budget, and I told her so. Angela had little more ready cash than I, but a kind heart. She appeared the next day with two copies.

During rehearsals in London she had taken me to her home for the weekend to recuperate. I could not imagine what her father, a rural dean, would have to say about the adventure on which we were embarking – plenty, I thought. Angela gave me the lead before we arrived.

"I don't think it's necessary to go into a big thing about the show, do you?" she said in a bored voice.

"Oh, no!" I could see her point.

"It's all really rather tiresome."

When I saw the dean, a formidable figure in his biretta and long black cassock, I was a little uneasy, but there was no cause for anxiety. Few questions were asked, and fewer facts offered. He was a busy man, with a great deal on his mind; he could hardly be expected to take on more. His wife was fully occupied in mothering the parish. She may well have offered up a small prayer for anybody who crossed Angela's path, but she had no fears for Angela; she was her father's daughter.

Apart from a common ecclesiastical background, our families differed. Mine were intensely interested in everything I did. I was a long way from home, and they were a little anxious. I sent them long, unvarnished reports of my exploits, but I neglected to mention that I 'was not always eating. By return I received the family news and gossip of the congregation. My father's address to the Rotary Club, my sister's tour with her college basketball team, even the plot of my mother's latest novel seemed more real than my present existence. We were bound in a conspiracy to keep my activities from the congregation. Officially I was studying abroad - and everybody assumed that it was music. I used to sing in the choir; naturally, the next step was grand opera.

Trixie's energetic numbers used up calories and, halfway through the show, we were forced to refuel. In the interval I threw my camel-hair coat over my toy-soldier costume and dashed to the *Cuckoo Clock*, where I selected assorted pastries for the ravenous Sophisticates. The silver tap shoes and an expanse of bare leg drew the attention of the entire clientele, but it was the sight of my stage make-up (Leichner's Peach Dark liberally rouged, with winged eyebrows and my false Jersey-cow eyelashes) which brought all

business to a stop. As I debated whether to buy crullers, kaffekaka or spritz rings, the customers froze in position, contemplating this wicked spectacle. I could not have produced more of an effect if I had been a bearded circus lady. The waitress seemed to think it was good for business, and occasionally slipped in a couple of extra wienerbrod.

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After the show, hungry once more, the Sophisticates, without make-up and Glynis (who was busy frying other fish), would make for the *Cuckoo Clock*. On our first visit we had taken hours to order our food, while I flipped through the pages of my dictionary translating all the lovely things we could have, if we had the money.

The girls were unable to stand much of this. They thanked me for my offer to interpret the entire menu, but they said they would rather remain ignorant. Would I kindly restrict my efforts to the items opposite the lowest numerals. Unfortunately, these humble dishes were ignored by my dictionary, and we were forced to order blind. We had some nasty shocks when we entered into the culinary unknown - one delicacy, which still haunts me, turned out to be cold fish porridge. The untranslatable was almost inedible. Mercifully, I deciphered korv and Pilsner, and after that there was no more studying of the menu or the dictionary. We lived on sausages and beer.

Being in a troupe is an insidious business; it creeps into your private life. We went everywhere together. To go off on your except with a man - was considered antisocial. Separated from the others, I felt a little lost, and found myself automatically getting in step with people on the street. We ate, wore

and did the same things. Not content with being dressed alike on stage, the six of us felt compelled to invest part of our first week's pay in identical pairs of white linen slacks – the vogue in Sweden that summer – which we wore every day.

We shared rooms, food, make-up and clothes – everything but men. It was a pleasant way of living if a little claustrophobic and it made for real camaraderie. Occasionally we had our little tiffs but we were united against the world and the management.

Any variation from the general pattern was considered eccentric. Because I was never parted from my dictionary and Thimm's € grammar, they had decided I was an intellectual. That was outrageously eccentric, but they forgave me. I was a Canadian and probably couldn't help it. They heard me speaking Swedish with great aplomb, but they did not notice a certain monotony and brevity in my conversations. My most reliable sentence, "Jag talar inte svenska." led nowhere. How could it? After you have said, "I cannot speak Swedish," there is nothing more to say. At times I became adventurous and repeated phonetically a line from Mr. Thimm's "Conversational Phrases," but again we came to a full stop. Mr. Thimm, not being clairvoyant, didn't know what the answer would be.

Never have I had such a struggle with a language. just would not stick. The trouble stemmed from the fact that I did not trust Mr. Thimm. I simply could nor believe that a girl was a *flicka*, and a boy a *pojke*. He was joking. Where

could you go with that attitude? Where I did. Nowhere. I acquired some prestige by my efforts, but that did not satisfy a soul hungry for knowledge. The fault did not lie with Mr. Thimm, but that grammar cost me half a crown secondhand, and I have not been able to find it in my heart to forgive him.

After the show opened in Gothenburg we continued to rehearse until there was mutiny. Pat and Sally told Mr. Miller frankly that no amount of rehearsals would improve those numbers, and moreover, they had not come to Sweden to spend all day in the Cabarethallen. Since six girls would be missing, rehearsals were called off. After that on most days we took off for the beach. We had discovered that one of the blue and white street-cars would take us to a nudist retreat where we could get brown all over. It was a world of Eves -- the Adams had a section to themselves. We were self-conscious at first, but we soon got over it. All except Glynis; she thought it all quite shocking, and remained prim and conspicuous to the end in bra and panties.

Sometimes we visited a pool near the Liseberg. It was here I acquired Gustav; he was not middle-aged and affluent, like Glynis's followers, but tall, blonde and twenty-one – I thought he was as handsome as a Viking. He hoped to improve his English through me, and I had my own reasons for cultivating Gustav. My family were most anxious that I should not waste my time. Was I making the most of my opportunities? Was I absorbing Sweden? It was difficult to take notes, surrounded as I was, but I had decided to write an article explaining the Swedes to the world – after all, I had been there several weeks. To know one, I reasoned, was to know them all. Gustav was to be that one.

Gustav's social round did not include the Cabarethallen, and he was shaken to find out what I was doing in Gothenburg, and even more so after he had seen the show. I underplayed my terpsichorean side, and laid heavy emphasis on the minister's daughter. Gustav was a student at Uppsala, and planned to go into the diplomatic service. He confided in me that great things were expected of him. Even though on holiday, he continued his studies, but on Saturdays after the show, looking very smart in his white student's cap, he would call for me at the stage door, and we would go dancing. For me it was like a sailor rowing in the park, but Gustav was a beautiful dancer, and waltzing with him never made me dizzy; we could always reverse.

I found I had a mission with Gustav, for he was anti-British and pro-German. I saw my duty. I pleaded, I argued, I cajoled. Sitting by the side of the pool in my damp bathing suit, I would fix him with an intense eye and say, "Iron ore you sell them, *jah!*" and then with calculated disdain, "But your soul, *nej!* That cannot be possible."

He would protest, "But Sveden *och* Yermany, it is natural alliance."

"Natural my foot!" I would say heatedly. My colloquialisms confused poor Gustav terribly. "With the devil one does not make pact." I garbled words, but I never minced them.

I gradually developed a form of reconstructed English which incorporated all the common faults of those who tried inexpertly to speak it. It was nor so bewildering, and made them less self-conscious, if I also spoke it badly. In

time I built it into an effective€ system. Using their forms, and my words, disregarding tenses, avoiding subtleties, mixing idioms, dodging known pitfalls and injecting bits of mime to see them over the humps, I would plow on. If they even thought they could speak English, they could follow me. My system undermined Gustav's grammar' but it gave him infinite confidence, though I have an uncomfortable feeling that his examiners may have felt that for the higher diplomatic protocol such confidence was not enough.

My work on Gustav's politics was not in vain' He became anti-German and a stanch Anglophile. He broke off relations with his German girlfriend, and from the picture of that gauleiterish Fräulein, I felt only good could come of that. He proposed marriage. Evading an immediate answer, I said, "We should be waiting, yes?"

"Ach, yes! Already ten years," he said' complacently confusing his adverbs. Gustav's feelings were apparently well under control.

Gustav's friendship 'was not without its risks' Ever since I survived a childhood journey from Iowa to New York with my father at the wheel of a model T Ford, I have felt I owned a charmed life. Gustav tested this theory more than once. If I had stayed with him, my luck might not have held.

During a picnic on one of the islands a bad electric storm blew up. Gustav spotted a tree standing alone in the middle of a field. "Under the tree we will bet be safe," he cried, anxious for my welfare. Before we could reach it, there

was a dazzling flash, a deafening crack, and the tree split down the center' Gustav was greatly surprised, and I nearly fainted.

A week later he arrived on a Sunday morning at my hotel with two bicycles. He thought it would be a nice way for me to see the country) and good for me to get some exercise. I had not been on a bicycle for five years, and what I needed least was exercise. Mine was a racing model – Gustav's most prized possession – with the seat high in the air, and the handlebars curved down very low. When I got into position, my nose an inch above the front wheel, I was almost standing on my head.

No sooner had I climbed on that bicycle than I realized it was a temperamental beast. I wobbled after Gustav until we reached a main street, turned and started down-hill. I passed him very quickly. I passed everything very quickly. Gustav had neglected to explain how the brakes worked. As I shot through the first crossroads against the lights, narrowly missing the policeman on point duty, I heard Gustav shout, "it is necessary to halt, Tommie. *Stopp!*"

His voice faded into the distance. Other people took up the cry as I hurtled by cars, between streetcars, past pedestrians, through more crossroads. In that position I could see very little, but the whistling of the wind in my ears, the blur of things coming at me turned my blood to water. It was a John Gilpin ride. On and on I went until I reached level ground, and slowed down to a stop. I sank on the curb, and tried to calm my shattered nerves. Five minutes later Gustav pedaled up.

"What think you – you are doing?" He was upset. "It is not allowed to behave like this in Sveden. It is to break the law."

"Break the law! What about my neck?" I was pretty upset myself.

"And my *cykel*! You are not well to him!"

"To me your bicycle has perfectly beastly been," I said tearfully"

"Please have the goodness to walk back. It is better."

"Much better!" I had no intention of ever getting on a bicycle again. I sometimes wonder if my successor to Gustav's affections ever lived to reach the altar.

Gustav felt it was only proper I should meet his family. He made it clear that they must never suspect my profession, making it sound uncomfortably like the oldest one of all. He told me frankly, "It is ultimately not possible for Swedish girls of the good family to be in *teatern*."

"By me it is understood," was my docile reply.

Gustav put the social wheels in motion, and I received an invitation from an aunt of his to attend a party at her house in the country. I was delighted. I was going to see the inside f a Swedish home and what the people were really like. I expected a country cottage, and was not prepared for a splendid estate. We

were ushered by a maid into the orchard, where his aunt was receiving. She greeted me courteously, if a little distantly. Angela would have recognized the genuine stamp of inherited wealth and breeding, and approved of Gustav's family connections.

It was a large gathering, and the atmosphere was formal and rather bleak. Cakes and handmade wine were handed round on silver trays by uniformed servants to the handsome, well-dressed guests under the trees. They were a cultivated group, many of them speaking several languages. The adults were Swedishly suave, the young people very shy. Although they were in modern dress, their courtly manners made it seem to me more like another century – the world of Strindberg's Miss Julie. It was fascinating, but a little oppressive.

I had carefully subdued my appearance – I was wearing my own clothes, having declined the girls' kind offers of their more spectacular pieces of apparel – but I could not subdue my tongue. I sensed that young people were only to speak when spoken to, but I had so much to learn, and so little time. I never stopped asking questions. Gustav's anxious looks told me that I was not behaving in a manner befitting a girl of the good Swedish family, but I ignored his signals. Here was my material in the flesh, and if I did not make the most of it, I would never forgive myself.

Gustav clearly had misgivings as to how I would ever fit into this milieu, and he breathed more easily when the young people adjourned to dance to the gramophone. It seemed for a moment like summer in Nova Scotia, but only for a moment. The smell of the sea and the sight of the harbor covered with

white sails misled me. This was a long way from Canada in more ways than kilometers. The atmosphere had relaxed slightly, but it was still starched - from shyness rather than formality. The young people danced without speaking, holding each other like glass. When the record finished, the girls were ushered back to their seats, their partners bowed from the waist and retired. My partners bowed, but were not permitted to retire. But the more I questioned, the less I understood. It was only on the surface that the Swedes appeared simple.

I was worn out and hoarse when we left, and as we drove back I decided to postpone writing the article. The world would have to wait.

The Liseberg season rolled by. It seemed hardly to have begun before it was over. Seen through Swedish glasses the world looked rosy. To me it was never to feel quite so safe and secure again as it did that summer.

As our engagement neared its end, we saw less of Mr. Miller and heard less and less of the dates that were to follow. Copenhagen, Oslo and Stockholm were no longer bandied about lightly. As Mary described it, ..A deadly 'ush has settled over the company."

It was Pat and Sally who first smelleg a rat. They had discussions with Glynis, and decided that nothing was fixed after Gothenburg. The other places had merely been bait to get us abroad, in the hope that we could be booked somewhere - anywhere - after the Liseberg. This brought forth terrible tales of shows that had folded leaving the girls stranded. They recalled the episode

of the empty box office at Llandudno, the manager who decamped with the takings at Berwick-on-Tweed, and the leading lady who decamped with the manager and the takings at Weston-super-Mare. You could walk home from these dates, but from Gothenburg we would have to swim.

We developed an anxiety neurosis. Rumors flew about. We made it our business to keep an eye on Mr. Miller's every movement. We took turns trailing him. Reports came back that he was seen in Thomas Cook's. Was he buying sixteen tickets to Stockholm or, terrible thought, one ticket to London? Word came through that he was seen drinking. Where was he drinking, and what? Was he drinking up our fares home? It was only one beer in the Cuckoo Clock, but even this did not allay our fears.

"Ah, well!" said the more experienced Glynis, getting matters into perspective, "when he starts on champagne, we can really worry!"

Finally, we could stand the suspense no longer. Sally and Pat caught up with Mr. Miller in one of his haunts. They were brief. "When do we open at the Tivoli, Copenhagen?" He blustered, then came clean. The next dates were only penciled in, but he was sure they would be confirmed.

"These things take time," he said.

"How much time?" asked Sally.

"What are we supposed to do in the interval?" badgered Pat.

Mr. Miller's idea was that we would go on half salary until something was set.

Pat and Sally reported back to H.Q. After a long conference, the experts were of the opinion that, if we were ever going to be booked, we would have been by now. It was evident to us that the Scandinavian managers knew a bad thing when they saw it. We didn't take kindly to Mr. Miller's suggestion of half salary. Even in a cheap *pension*, it would have taken some ingenuity to exist on little over two pounds a week.

We decided to wrench our return fares from Mr. Miller while he still had the money. Pat, Sally and Glynis cornered him in his hotel room. While Mary, Angela and I nervously twisted our handkerchiefs in the lobby, the war raged one floor above. They returned battle-scarred but triumphant. We listened eagerly to the details. The opening skirmish had been a threat on his part that the six of us would never be allowed to dance in any Millerette troupe again.

"We told him what he could do with his Millerettes!" was Glynis' scathing comment.

Pat then took up the cudgels. "We're not under contract. You can't keep us." Sally threatened to get him blackballed for stranding a show. "You'll never be allowed to take a company abroad again," she said. This went wide of the mark. Mr. Miller was prepared to make such a sacrifice with a light heart. The final shot, which won the day, came from Glynis. "It's up to you. Either we have our return tickets tonight or we don't go on."

The battle had been won. We were to get our tickets, which was a relief, but we were out of work. We adjourned to a nearby café to consider the future. Suddenly Glyis had an inspiration. "Why not go to Paris? We could all get jobs there." A suspicion of what Glynis might consider suitable employment flashed through my mind, but I squashed it. She had worked in Paris before, and assured us she knew all the ropes. "Why not?" echoed Mary. Angela was enchanted, and Pat and Sally thought it a wonderful idea to spend the balance of their vacation in Paris. With a few qualms, I decided to throw in my lot with them.

We began to plot in earnest. If we changed our second-class ticket to London to a third-class ticket to Paris, we would have some spare cash. We would pool our money, and one of us at least would be sure to get work in Paris. As they saw it, we had six chances of eating. Who could ask for more? Personally, I would have liked to ask for much more money, but I said nothing.

Glynis felt sorry for us and the drab little lives she thought we had in Gothenburg, and she arranged for the latest member of the Provident Society and his friends to throw a farewell party for her five colleagues. We did not know a great deal about Glynis' extracurricular life. We thought it must be gay and glamorous, if a little questionable. Returning in the small hours, she would sometimes join our family parties, where we took turns playing hostess at midnight. The refreshments were meagre – weinerbrod and coffee – but the talk was rich and sustaining. Piled on one bed amidst crumbs and coffee

cups, we exchanged theatrical reminiscences. I had nothing to exchange, but I sat drinking it all down.

Glynis would make her entrance with the scent of expensive perfume and the evening's acquisition. We would greet her enthusiastically and perhaps a little naively, with "Hello, darling! Tell us what happened." Occasionally she would impart a small snippet of information, but it was never very revealing. We would then admire her spoils. We were happy for Glynis, but it was a little saddening for us that her new clothes were too small to go into the wardrobe kitty. It was not until the farewell party that we had an inkling of part of the price paid for her finery.

The night the show closed the gallants who were to bid us farewell – apparently pillars of commercial society - appeared at the stage door. They were not in the first flush of youth, and I suspect they were ineligible. No wives were mentioned, but somehow they gave one an extramarital feeling. They confessed to being enthusiastic admirers of the Cabarethallen, but in their position it was inadvisable to pay too many visits. We were whisked away to the side entrance of a fashionable restaurant, where, after an exchange of knowing looks, and the whispered password, we were smuggled into a private room. They were taking no chances of being seen.

There was a huge spread of food calculated to make the mouths of sausage-eaters water. The shrimps, fish in aspic, lobsters, liver paté, jellied veal, cheeses and other unrecognizable delicacies would have made a beautiful sight even if they had not been edible. But such an extravagant display

outraged my Nova Scotia thriftiness. We could have lived for a week on that smorgasbord. Drink flowed like water, but it wasn't water, and schnapps has a different effect. We were so busy earring that we didn't put away enough liquor to affect us seriously, but not so our large northern friends. They were already slightly intoxicated with their own depravity - supping with real live chorus girls - and the schnapps on top of their excited condition soon took effect.

We were a large party when we started, but we dwindled fast. One after the other our cavaliers would make a lurching one-way trip to the lavatory" Some could not stagger so far, and quietly slipped under the table while we are on. But before they disappeared we had time to take their measure. It was the air of being gay clogs with fast women which shook me. To Gustav, I was a fine, upstanding young woman with high moral principles; to these individuals, I was a flossy, bit. The change was abrupt, and required a certain flexibility.

At first I endeavored to make intelligent conversation with the pink and white citizen on my right. As Glynis had let it be known they were shipping magnates, I felt obliged to throw a bouquet in the direction of ships ingeneral, and Swedish ships in particular. It dropped to the ground. Sampling the smorgasbord, I touched lightly on what we all owed to ships. "They are a lifeline," I said, getting into my stride. He didn't seem to care. I pointed out that international contact meant international understanding, but his heart wasn't in it. "All brothers under the skin!" I cried, helping myself liberally to the caviar. Propelled by the schnapps, I was sailing along on a high diplomatic, almost spiritual, level, but he was not with me. I don't think he understood

what I was talking about. I don't think I did myself, not that would have deterred me, but I felt we were out of touch.

He sat there, without a word, fixing me with a warm, fuzzy look. It slowly dawned on me that there was only one thing on his mind, and it had nothing to do with ships. While reassembling my forces to meet this situation, I heard Mary's voice clearly across the table: "Poor Glynis, what she's been through!" The girls' habit of talking before people as if they weren't there was a constant embarrassment. They believed no foreigners could understand the English language, even if they spoke it. Sally leaned over my florid partner and said in a loud, penetrating voice, "Do you know what this one just asked me?" "I can guess," I said hurriedly, fearful that she would inform the whole table. "The cheek! I put such a flea in his ear!"

I looked at my magnate, hoping he had not overheard. His glazed eyes barely flickered. Angela interrupted her inquiries into the servant problem in Sweden long enough to make a social pronouncement: "Swedish nouveau riche ." I remarked that I dared say Glynis didn't care how long they'd had money, as long as they had it. I further remarked that, if she elected to stay in Sweden, it was unlikely they would have it much longer.

When I turned back to my magnate, he had disappeared. He had not had time to reach the door marked *Herrar*; he must have joined his friends under the table. Taking advantage of the growing indisposition of our hosts, we busied ourselves surreptitiously stowing away the remnants of the portable viands to fill a picnic basket for our journey.

At the end of the evening Glynis's particular friend, the organizer of this charity dinner, was conscious enough to thank us for gracing the party with our presence, and pressed into each of our hands a Swedish note - the equivalent of a week's salary. Angela was out-raged. "How dare he!" she cried. "The oaf! I've never been so insulted!" I was more practical than Angela. We were in crying need of kronor. I felt, if we had to be insulted at this particular juncture, this was the way to do it. Angela was about to return it in her lady-of-the-manor style, when Glynis stopped her. "Don't be a damned fool! Take it. You've earned it." We had. We took it.

The party had given me food for thought. Here lay a wealth of material for a powerful sermon. Now was not the time, but one day I would pass it on to my father with my compliments, complete with text, "The Wages of Sin Is Boredom."

There was no fanfare and no red carpet for our departure from Gothenburg. I had told Gustav not to come to the station. The magnates were to see us off, and I did not wish to risk a clash. They, however, did not appear – it may have been several days before some of them came to.

Up at the crack of dawn, gay as crickets, we followed the pushcart bearing our luggage to the station. We looked spick and span decked out in our dazzling white slacks. The jaunty effect was greatly enhanced by our accessories. Angela was wearing her picture hat, which had graced many a garden party, and I my precious Saks Fifth Avenue bonnet wreathed with feathers and a

veil; these we could not risk packing. Carefully draped over Glynis's shoulders were two silver foxes (their jaws viciously clamped together at the back of her neck) so huge that she had to walk with care to avoid tripping over their tails. Silver foxes do not look their best in midsummer, particularly when worn with slacks, but Glynis was inordinately proud of them. This was the first appearance of these trophies and we were tremendously impressed; but we had to admit among ourselves that a small fur tippet would have been more in scale.

We had not appreciated the full extent of Glynis' haul until our departure. The rest of us were traveling light, but she, who had arrived in Sweden with one fiber suitcase, was now the proud owner of four cowhides. We couldn't afford porters, and as it was impossible for Glynis to stoop three inches without dusting the ground with the foxes' tails, we had to help her.

Pat said, as she struggled with one huge case, "You can't tell me this is just clothes. She's done in one of the Provident Society."

"Who's to blame her!" I replied, straining at the handle. "Perhaps she was defending her virtue." Pat gave me a look.

"We'll give him a Christian burial in the Baltic," I said cheerfully.

I liked Gothenburg, but the girls were delighted to shake the dust of the city from their feet. There was, in fact, no dust; that was one of their complaints.

It was so clean, it was almost clinical. In their view, the Swedes in washing away the dirt had overdone it, and washed away everything else of interest.

I did not feel light hearted, and as the train pulled out my courage almost failed me. "Here we were safe" Nobody could come to any harm in Gothenburg – but Paris was another matter. What was going to happen to us? But the confidence and enthusiasm of the others were infectious. I began to rally. "These are experienced women of the world," I told myself inaccurately. "They'll take care of me." It was as well I did not know that it was as a case of the near-sighted leading the blind.

We had no conception of the distance we had to cover (on my map it was only three inches) or the complexities of the journey. Tire girls pictured something in the nature of a Sunday cross-country journey from Hull to Swansea. Our suspicions were not aroused by the number of slips which made up our tickets, for we did not know each represented a connection to be made (or in our case missed). Having spent the entire day crossing the south of Sweden, we were not exactly fresh when we embarked at Trelleborg for an overnight crossing to Sassnitz, and traveling steerage in the Baltic was hardly a tonic. For hours we rolled around in the bowels of the ship, pale and limp, marveling that an inland sea could be so rough. We had time to reflect on the scale of my map. Already it seemed months since we had left Gothenburg, and we had only covered half an inch. What lay ahead in the remaining two and a half inches did not bear thought, and on a queasy stomach Sassnitz looked far from appetizing in the chill light of dawn.

Once we landed in northern Germany we lost all control of the situation. We never knew which connections we made, and which we missed; indeed, we were never sure in which direction we were moving. Stations came and stations went, but they were rarely the ones we expected. We threw ourselves upon the kind mercy of conductors, ill-informed passengers and strangers in those parts. We never argued, for nobody spoke any English, and we felt that however little they knew, it could not be less than we did. Meekly we followed anyone who would lead us on and off trains.

We met with great kindness. The passengers who misdirected us took pity on us – our appearance had already deteriorated – and shared their cold sausage (apparently an international food). The officials either bore us no malice or felt they could not hope to get blood from a stone, and we were never charged for the extra journeys.

As we set up camp for the night on the station platform at Hamburg, it somehow seemed familiar. It was my conviction that we had been in that station at least once before on this excursion. When the Paris express pulled into Hamburg it was packed to overflowing with people going to the Exposition. At the sight of "Paris" on the side of the train we were seized with a frenzy, and shoulder to shoulder we fought our way on board. Fortunately, it was going to Paris, not coming from, and we were on the last lap of our journey.

None of our fellow passengers looked as if they possessed the entrance fee to the Exposition; nor did we. We were packed in like sardines, but, alas, not on

our sides. Sitting bolt upright, we rattled along on hard wooden seats; our feet and ankles began to swell, our necks to stiffen, and we became aware of unsuspected muscles and joints" I am not well padded, and this added to my discomforts, but my attention was distracted from these minor irritations by the amorous advances of a primitive Bulgar - a nice bit of character make-up with a hairline which commenced strangely near his eyebrows. He may have been attractive to another Bulgarian, but he certainly wasn't to me. I tried to convey this to him with no success, and was rewarded by bitter looks from his overripe wife seated opposite, who seemed to be under some misapprehension as to who was making advances. I kicked him, and she kicked me. In the end I was forced to retreat into the corridor, where I joined a comparatively harmless group of passengers – a goat and some escaped chickens. Huddled with the livestock, I slept peace fully until cockcrow.

As things went from bad to worse on that interminable journey, we became more and more elated. We were not downhearted on our diet of stale buffet buns (the sweetmeats culled from the Swedish orgy were devoured early on) ; our spirits were not dampened by the lack of a water supply; we greeted the information that we were moving in the wrong direction, or had missed another connection, with hoots of laughter. We were laughing on the morning; of the second day; we were hilarious on the morning of the third; we were hysterical, but still gay, on the morning of the fourth.

When we crawled out of the train at the Gare du Nord, visibly thinner, our faces smeared with dirt, we were still laughing. But the crumpled slacks told a grim story. As we collected the grime of four countries, they had changed

from white to battleship gray. Down my left leg lay a spot of chicken manure, and the grubby finger marks where the Bulgarian had pinched me. Down the right leg were the stains of orange juice, German beer, Belgian wine and the remains of an egg I had discovered newly laid in the toilette. Being reluctant to waste any protein, I had endeavored to whip it into an eggnog. The cuff of that trouser leg was a trifle frayed. It had been sampled by the goat while I was taking evasive action against my Balkan fellow passenger. Beneath the trouser legs no longer lurked the slender ankles for which I was noted or the high-heeled sandals, now too tight for comfort, with which I had repulsed and inflamed the Bulgar at one and the same time.

I threw my now veil-less and featherless bonnet in the air and croaked like a bull frog, "*Nous sommes arrivées!*" We had arrived, *sans doute*, but what now? How could six chimney sweeps, with legs swollen like stovepipes, possibly captivate Paris? As we gazed upon the scene with bloodshot eyes, no fears assailed us.

Hobbling to the Métro laden with luggage, we were in fine fettle. You can stand so much, and then something has to give. We were, I think, not quite right in the head.

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